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the Library of the late

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and professor in the University.

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THE
P R I Z E D A Y,
 And Other Sketches.

BEING THE
 THIRD SERIES
 OF
 "SHADES OF CHARACTER,"

BY THE
 AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE BURTON," "GEORGE AUSTIN,"
 "THE WIDOW'S SON," ETC. ETC.

FROM THE EDITION OF
 THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
 LONDON.

NEW YORK:
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~~Trinity College Library~~

From the Library of
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13 Oct. 1893.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, Printers.

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The Prize-Day.

GILBERT STEWARTSON was the son of a professional gentleman living in one of the populous villages in the suburbs of London. His father had placed him in a school established in the immediate neigh-

bourhood of his residence, the head master of which stood eminent alike for his great talents and skilful management of his pupils. He was also an intimate friend of Mr. Stewartson, and himself took a lively interest in that gentleman's family, Gilbert especially having long attracted his notice. As the latter was a boy of considerable ability, and naturally of an amiable and tractable disposition, his father could not fail to hope that under such circumstances, and such favourable auspices, his progress would do honour to himself and his friends.

The commencement fully realized his expectations; there was but one opinion throughout the school, that Gilbert was destined to become a conspicuous character in life. Nothing seemed difficult to him; what other boys laboured to acquire

he conquered with ease. He bore away every prize of his class, and was regarded as a formidable antagonist by his seniors. All at once, however, the animation and spirit with which he had pursued his studies disappeared: he became indifferent, made progress, as it would seem, because he could not help doing so; and, though never inferior to others of his age or class, he was not more than equal to them in actual performance. Whether in the first instance the victory had been too easy for him, and the prizes he obtained had therefore a prejudicial effect rather than the contrary; or whether his companions were not afterwards competent to contend with him, and but a faint exertion of his faculties was therefore requisite, may remain a doubt. He was however, no vain boy: he never uttered a word that could

be construed into implied superiority over his associates ; but good-natured, generous, and accommodating, his valuable aid and assistance were not only never withheld, but granted with a willingness and grace that rendered them doubly acceptable.

Gilbert was in consequence a favourite with all ; and all too joined in lamenting that he no longer showed the ardour that had formerly distinguished him ; yet no master could complain of him ; all that Mr. Morgan could advance against him was, "You don't do what you are capable of doing;" while to his father he would say, "Compare Gilbert with other boys and his progress is more than fair ; compare him with himself, and he falls far short of what he ought to be." In vain, however, did he, or Mr. Stewartson, or his companions, remonstrate with him ; for so much

was he loved by the latter, that Mr. Morgan frequently expressed his belief, that there was not one among them who would not rejoice, even though at his own cost, to see him fill the honourable post of captain to which his abilities fully entitled him to aspire.

Mr. Stewartson was, as may be well supposed, severely disappointed. At the same time he felt all the delicacy of his situation, and the necessity of exercising the soundest judgment in his conduct towards his son. To create in him a spirit of emulation, when higher considerations had been urged without success, appeared justly dangerous and reprehensible. "If my boy," said he to Mr. Morgan, "is to distinguish himself on any other ground than that of principle and rectitude, let him remain what he is. I had rather be a

disappointed father than be congratulated on the possession of a vain-glorious son, who in the exertion of his talents has sought only his own glory." It was at length determined between himself and Mr. Morgan, that the experiment of removing him to another school should be tried,—a determination which was not yet communicated to Gilbert.

Among the boys was one who had lately joined them, of the name of Truman, the son of a man who had been exceedingly fortunate in life, and who took a leading part in all public matters, being more distinguished for his energy than his modesty. This youth was older than Gilbert, and possessed talents of the very first order. Very ambitious and persevering, vigorous in constitution as in mind, but self-important, coarse in manner, and

overbearing, he soon became a marked boy, but one by no means liked. It was quite evident what rank he must hold in the school, for there was but one who could contend with him with any prospect of success, and that one did not seem disposed either to check him or to measure swords with him.

At the examination at Midsummer, Truman acquitted himself remarkably well,—a circumstance which so inflated his pride that he became almost insufferable. Gilbert had also passed a very fair trial; but Mr. Morgan privately bestowed no other commendation on him than this, that seeing what he had done, it only grieved him that more was not done; while his father avowed his determination to be present no more at the distribution of the prizes.

The holidays were again approaching.

Many times before this the boys had jestingly urged Gilbert to give them a "flare-up," which he in the same spirit promised to grant *some of these days*; though when those days should arrive seemed more and more remote or uncertain as the weeks passed on.

Disgusted with Truman, they made a general attack upon Gilbert. "O! do take down that bragging Truman's pride," was the oft-repeated entreaty. "When are we to have your promised flare-up? it never could be at a better time than now; don't let him run away with the head prize, or with any one of them; for the sake of the school give him a real working, and show him who can be master." But Gilbert heard without any other reply than he had often before given, he would flare up some day.

It was now within three weeks of the holidays, and every thing had been arranged for the examination. Gilbert and his mother had been waiting breakfast some time in consequence of the father of Truman having called upon Mr. Stewartson on some private business, just as they were sitting down to the table. He had been shown into an apartment adjoining that which they were occupying. The door of the breakfast room was open when both gentlemen passed through the hall to the entrance, which Mr. Truman had apparently reached when he suddenly stopped, and in the loud and consequential tone peculiar to him said, "I shall not be out of town more than a fortnight, for I shall make it a point to return for the 18th, the public day at school, you know. I would not be absent, as you may believe, on any

account;" then changing his voice into affected pity, he added: "it must be a most mortifying thing to you, that that boy of yours does not exert himself; he has fine abilities I understand, more the pity. I really feel for you; good morning."

The door closed, a minute elapsed before Mr. Stewartson entered, and when he did so, the effect which this speech had had upon him was yet discernible. The painful glow was still on his cheek when he sat down to the breakfast-table, and his manner was abstracted; he sighed too as he took the bread which Gilbert handed to him; but not a word was spoken by any of the party. Gilbert and his mother had distinctly heard what had been said by Mr. Truman; and each was actuated by a peculiar feeling.

Mr. Stewartson was the first to break the silence. He had evidently struggled with himself, and had now recovered his composure. He addressed a few sentences to Mrs. Stewartson, and then turning to Gilbert he said—

“I have agreed to purchase the pony as you wished. You are to have him on trial for a few days, and, if you continue to like him, he is yours.”

Gilbert would have said heartily and fervently, “Thank you, father;” but the word stuck in his throat, when he too most needed to utter it; he coloured deeply, and the muscles of his face were agitated. Instead of answering he held his cup to his lips, and attempted to drink though the tea was scalding.

Mr. Stewartson inquired if he had heard what he said.

"I am very much obliged to you," said Gilbert; "but if you please,—that is, if it makes no difference to you, I had rather wait a little while. When I wish to have the pony I will tell you, if you will give me leave."

The manner in which he spoke these words escaped the notice of his father; not so of Mrs. Stewartson—for what eye so quick as that of a fond, and anxious, and sensible mother? What heart so ready at once to define and enter into the feelings of a beloved son, be he what he may, as hers on whom that son has been cradled, and whose early griefs have been hushed to repose? Without directing her attention to Gilbert, she stole a look at him as, rising hastily from the table, he apologized for thus abruptly leaving them on the plea of being too late at school.

Gilbert caught that look, and it gave a sharper point to the feelings which were at war in his breast. As he pursued his way to school, neither his countenance nor his step were his own. His heart ached and his brow was clouded; there was tumult in the citadel within, but not resolution; certain pain, but as yet uncertain plans. As he entered the playground, Truman and two or three other boys were disputing about some point relative to the examination, when seeing him advance, one of them appealed to him to decide it.

“Where is the use of saying any thing to him?” cried Truman; “unless—

‘Leviathan would pastime take,
And show the fishes they are nought.’”

The pompous tone in which he uttered these words, and the contemptuous expression of his features, touched Gilbert to the

very quick. The laugh that followed was not responded by any of the boys, but if any one had had the inclination to notice it, the summons to go into school would have prevented it. The business of the morning passed without any particular occurrence, but it was no small relief to Gilbert when the hour of dismissal came. He had been abstracted and very ill at ease within himself; his father's blush of shame—for so he interpreted it—the kindness of that amiable parent in gratifying his wishes even under the smart and mortification of which he had been the cause; his mother's glance, and young Truman's taunt, although least in estimation, all passed in review before him, adding each time fresh pain to his reflections. Instead of going direct to his mother as usual on his return from school, he withdrew him-

self into his own bedroom. There lay some of the books and papers that would be required for the ensuing examination. Gilbert was not a boy of hasty impressions, or one who was actuated at any time by mere impulse; his whole character partook of a higher stamp, and excellence lay dormant only under the veil which had too long concealed it. There was a contest within before the binding determination could be formed; a barrier, and a powerful one, too, to be broken down, before apathy could give way to energy, and a nobler course be taken.

He stood with folded arms, his eyes resting on the books, but in reality fixed on vacancy. The voice of his mother, speaking to one of his sisters in her wonted tone of gentleness and love, at that moment reached him. He started. "It

shall be so," cried he mentally, his thoughtful attitude resolving itself into one of virtuous determination; "my dear mother, my dear father, you shall find at last that you have a son not unworthy of you."

He cleared his eyes from the dimness which had obscured their usual brightness, took out his pocket handkerchief, which he passed hastily over his face, and commenced putting his papers in order. Who has not beheld with delight the early sun, when after struggling with leaden clouds it bursts forth suddenly in all its radiancy, casting a glow of light and happiness on all beneath its beams? So stood Gilbert at that moment. There was no longer sadness in his countenance; a far nobler expression had taken possession of it, and all the vigour of his mind illuminated his features.

Firm, however, as was his resolution, he determined to conceal it from every one. He studied night and day, but so quietly and with such little variation from his usual manner, that nobody, with the exception of one person, suspected him, and that one carefully but anxiously confined her hopes to her own bosom.

"Mother," said Gilbert, as he stood at the back of her chair; "you remember, don't you, that the distribution of the prizes is on Wednesday?"

"I do," replied she; "but what then?"

"I have a request to make of you," said he, bending over her; "*you* will of course be there; will you persuade my father to be present too?" He laid his cheek to hers as he spoke.

Mrs. Stewartson fondly returned his ca-

ress. "Certainly I will," replied she, "if you desire it."

"I do very much desire it," answered Gilbert. He uttered these words with such earnestness, that she raised her eyes to his face, in which the sincerity of his words was visibly written. With a mother's tact and tenderness, however, she made no observation to him, but with a smile repeated her promise of exerting her influence with his father.

The task she had undertaken was not an easy one. Mr. Stewartson had been so much disappointed on a former occasion, and so deeply pained by Mr. Truman's speech to him, that for some time he turned a deaf ear to his wife's entreaties. But she was not to be refused; her reliance was strong upon her son, for he had never deceived her; and she respected his

request too much to yield to a simple difficulty.

"If it must be so," said Mr. Stewartson at last, "it must;" and a deep sigh followed his consent.

The boys were assembled in the school-room on the important day of examination. Dr. Stephens, the head master of——, a man noted for the severity of his examination and the skill with which he conducted it, was the principal person selected on the occasion. His entrance was hailed with mingled feelings of interest, anxiety, and apprehension. He looked round on the youthful competitors before him with a kindness that might have inspired confidence, had not each felt too much in awe at that moment of his abilities readily to entertain it.

A profound silence was now established,

the examination began. At first there was little to attract any great degree of interest ; gradually, however, the subjects became more important, and the answers elicited gave increasing satisfaction. Like an experienced general, the Doctor, having now ascertained the strength of the contending parties, shifted his mode of attack, pressed hard on the most powerful, now urging, now winning them to venture further in advance, till at last the brunt of the action was supported only by two, Gilbert and Truman. Pleased with the abilities displayed by both boys, the Doctor was led on in his examination further than he intended. Truman at length began to waver ; it was evident to the judges, if not to the boys generally, that the Doctor had fully sounded his depth ; he laboured in his answers, while Gilbert was

still at his ease, and seemed to gather power by exertion. The most intense interest was excited throughout the school, nor was surprise at Gilbert the least powerful feeling. Anxiety for his success grew stronger as his answers fed their desire, and many a look of approbation was exchanged between his companions. It is a very small thing that will confirm hope. When Dr. Stephens had finished his examination, those who were nearest heard him distinctly inquire the name of "that boy," pointing to Gilbert. Why could he wish to learn that, if he had not been remarkably pleased with him? And who had not noticed the looks of the Committee present, and especially of Dr. Middleton, the rector, to whom the school owed its original organization, and who took the liveliest interest in its welfare? O! it was

plain enough, every boy thought so, that Gilbert had done best; but then, what might be his English essay and his translations? Truman was far advanced in all these points, and they knew, for their own eyes were witnesses of it, and he had said so repeatedly, that he had been working very hard, whereas no one could answer for Gilbert, no difference had been seen in him. Now if Gilbert really should have been taking pains—they pressed him on the point, coaxed him to tell them, declared they were certain of the fact—but all was to no purpose, they could gain nothing from him but a good-humored smile, and a recommendation to wait patiently till Wednesday.

Truman in the mean time was mortified and uneasy. In spite of his high opinion of himself, he was too good a judge of

what was accurate, not to be conscious that Gilbert had frequently answered better than himself; but then he comforted himself by thinking that this was not all. Every one knew that Gilbert had picked up a good deal of general knowledge; history, geography, etc., cost little trouble to acquire; when they came to subjects where downright hard study had been requisite, things would be very different. Notwithstanding, if he could have got at them, he would have revised more carefully still his different compositions. He said not a word to any one at home, nor did Gilbert, though from a different motive. Truman, indeed, was saved from all inquiries on the subject from his father, as that gentleman only reached home the morning the prizes were to be distributed.

Wednesday had arrived, carriages be-

gan to roll, and parties of ladies and gentlemen were seen bending their steps towards the school. The room was soon quite full. Mr. Truman and his family occupied very prominent seats; he had gone early for the purpose of securing them, and was now with a certain air of importance and satisfaction noticing all whom he recognized among his acquaintance. Mr. Stewartson was one of those whom he thus acknowledged with a consequential, patronizing familiarity. The latter was advancing towards a middle seat in the front at the request of his wife, when he caught his eye; in an instant he relinquished her arm, committed her to the care of a friend, and retired to a distance with some other gentlemen who, like himself, were content to stand.

All was now arranged, the buzz of

many voices ceased; and the business of the day commenced. The interest deepened as it proceeded, and many a heart beat with anxiety, hope, and fear. Maternal love and fatherly pride, boyish emulation and friendly sympathy, each bore their part at that moment; while "the agony of suspense" bound all in one chain as the names of the successful candidates began to be read. Mr. Truman had started from his seat, and with eyes of devouring attention listened in breathless expectation for that of his son. Mr. Stewartson had gradually emerged from his retirement, and was not very far from his wife, whose flushed cheek bore a strong contrast to the pallidness that marked his own countenance.

The inferior prizes were declared first, then another, and another still higher—a

pause, and the fall of a leaf might have been heard—then came the announcement of the head prize, and Gilbert Stewartson's name rang through the school. If any one can behold with insensibility the bright, the glowing, the animated expression of juvenile joy, let him be pitied;—in the loss of the pleasure he would otherwise have felt, he is sufficiently punished; they who were present this day, and could appreciate the scene, experienced a sensation that few were likely to forget.

Dr. Middleton arose. "It is my pleasing task," said he, "to convey to you, Gilbert Stewartson and George Truman, the expression of Dr. Stephens' approbation of the examination you have both passed; an examination which he declares it has seldom been his lot to see equalled. To you," turning to Truman, "great commen-

dation is due, and it is no disgrace to you that you must yield to a superior on the present occasion." A sweet but serious smile overspread his benignant features as he addressed Gilbert. "I will not congratulate you, individually, on the honourable rank you have attained among your schoolfellows, and the proof you have given of general ability; you are but on the threshold of eminence, and it must remain with yourself to prove whether this day shall be a reproach to you, or a lasting honour; the end of a course which, I trust we of this generation shall not see, must give it all its brightness, all its worth, all its excellence; but I do sincerely congratulate your master on such a pupil, your parents on such a son, and I hope I may hereafter add, society in general on such an acquisition."

"Well done, well done, Gilbert!" cried the boys, ranging themselves round him after having given him a hearty hurrah. "Now for chairing you. You have flared-up at last, and done it to perfection too; but why didn't you tell us what you meant to do?"

"Because," said he archly, "I was afraid it might be only a 'flare-up,' and that the flame might go out again, and end in nothing."

"And do you really intend to keep it up?" was the eager demand of many voices.

"I do," replied Gilbert, firmly. "Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted the boys: and to this hour he has kept his word; affection and respect for his parents having entirely conquered a defect which it is but just to say arose from a morbid pride kindled by

too much success at first, and nourished by the incompetency of others to check it, by the salutary exertion of his powers. He has since acquired much higher honours, and superior academical distinctions are yet before him; but every time he answers his mother's letter of congratulation on a fresh success he writes:—"O! my dear mother! your love and my dear father's blush of mortification for his idle son having first lighted the flame, have since given permanency as well as brilliancy to my 'flare-up.'"





**Maria Calvert; or, the Really Learned
always Humble.**

“How very ignorant it was of Miss Abbott not to know the difference between a salvia and a gentianella,” exclaimed Maria Calvert, “was it not, aunt? I thought I should have laughed in her face.”

"I am very glad that you did not," replied Miss Harman; "Miss Abbott is a very clever, well-informed woman, though no botanist; and it would have been very unbecoming of a little girl of your age to show her such disrespect. I would rather, for my own part, Maria, be reckoned a gentlewoman, than a person with no higher recommendation than the possession of something even more than superficial knowledge."

"But really, aunt, the mistake was very ridiculous," replied Maria; "persons ought to have some acquaintance with the names of flowers, and to know the difference between common sorts, even if they go no further."

"The simple truth of all this is, my dear Maria," said Miss Harman, "that you think yourself remarkably well informed

on the subject, and that you wish others should think so too, and the consequence is, that any one not possessing the same sort or the same degree of knowledge as yourself is considered as an object of contempt in your eyes. Beware of what you are doing; the learning that only feeds vanity, and leads us to infringe on Christian charity, is no advantage but a misfortune,—is not only worthless to its possessor, but pernicious.”

It was one thing, however, for the aunt to remonstrate, and another for the niece to be convinced. Maria knew a good deal about plants, and flowers, and shrubs, and she fancied that she knew a good deal more than she really did. She had been injudiciously flattered into such conceit, and in her opinion her aunt's reproofs often savoured more of severity than of

justice. She made no reply on the present occasion; but Miss Abbott stood no higher in her estimation for what had been said, nor was she in any degree lowered in her own.

Not far from Miss Harman lived a gentleman who had devoted his whole life to the study of botany, and his name was justly celebrated among the most eminent persons of the day. Maria had long wished to see Mr. Davenport, and to be introduced to him, and she had desired to view his celebrated grounds, stocked as they were with every thing that was rare and curious in the vegetable world.

Miss Harman at length consented to gratify her; a day was fixed, the weather was most propitious, and Maria, to her infinite satisfaction, found herself in the presence of the learned professor, and was

by himself shown all that he esteemed most worthy of observation. She had certainly meditated to take the admiration of the gifted owner of such extensive botanical science by surprise, for she at once, and at every possible opportunity, made a display, as they strolled along, of all she knew. Her aunt had long been acquainted with him, and deeply revered him; he very politely continued to walk by her side, answering in the kindest manner every question proposed to him. This, however, was not enough for Maria; she had not come for mere information alone; had that been the case she would have been content to listen in silence to him, and to regret the slightest interruption given him. The vain see no one, hear no one, have interest for no one, but themselves. Maria did not desire to

learn what Mr. Davenport knew, but to exhibit what she herself had acquired; and various were the plans she adopted to win his attention. At one time she showed her intimate acquaintance, as she believed, with the plants to which he drew her attention, repeating their name, order, and classification. At others, pretending ignorance of more simple species, she appealed to him for instruction, or to solve her doubts as to their identity. In short, no young lady could have taken more pains to attract admiration, or to make a fuller exhibition of all the knowledge she possessed than did Maria. What might be the effect on another caused no misgivings; she was herself perfectly satisfied, and how could she doubt that any body else could be otherwise?

Hitherto she had been too intent upon

producing the impression she desired upon Mr. Davenport, to pay particular attention to the extreme modesty and simplicity that distinguished him. To her regret he said nothing to her which she could construe into admiration of her early attainments in his favourite pursuit; and she now began to suspect that his abilities must have been overrated, or that perhaps he required drawing out. With this idea she thus accosted him:

"How much you are to be envied, sir! What study it must have cost you to acquire the knowledge which is the admiration of all who have the honour of being acquainted only with your name! What a source of pleasure must so much information be to yourself!"

"My dear young lady," said he, stopping short and looking earnestly in her

face, "you are altogether under a mistake, you give me credit for a great deal more knowledge than I really possess; and, if you will pardon me for saying so, you seem to place a higher estimation on that to which I may really lay claim than it deserves. I am this day seventy-two years old, and you may believe me when I say, that the sum of my experience and my study is this—I know nothing. The works of nature are so inexhaustible, that every fresh ray of light we gain into them serves only to humble the most cultivated understanding by a prospect of their infinity, and its own vast distance from the Fountain of wisdom."



Joseph Hervey.

THE root of all virtue, of all spiritual, of all moral or intellectual advancement, is laid in a spirit of obedience. Let our natural qualifications and endowments be what they may, if we are deficient in this

respect, we are poor and destitute; if we possess it, we in a manner possess all. And how conspicuous is the goodness of our Almighty Creator, in ordaining that thus it should be! Wealth and rank are enjoyed comparatively by few; great mental powers by much fewer still; and though coveted by most, are not in themselves either indispensable to happiness, or essentially valuable; whereas that which is necessary to our real welfare is within the reach of all, shining brightest in the bright, conferring lustre on the humblest worth, and stamping the highest qualifications with that which gives them sterling value.

"I must go in here," said Mrs. Dillon to her sister, Miss Coleman. "I saw some very pretty chimney ornaments in this shop the other day; and if they are not

sold, I will purchase them." So saying both entered.

The shop was full of all kinds of tasteful articles, many of which were very attractive. Mrs. Dillon looked round, and seeing no one advance to meet her but a boy of about eleven years old, she inquired for his father.

"He is not at home," was the reply.

"And your mother?"

"She is gone with my father," replied the boy.

"And is no one within but you?" said Miss Coleman.

"No one, ma'am."

"I'm sorry for that," said Mrs. Dillon, "for you cannot tell me what I wish to know. I am afraid the ornaments are gone," observed she to her sister.

"Perhaps they have only been set in

another place," replied Miss Coleman; "in all probability they are not sold."

They appealed to the boy if such were the case, but he knew nothing about the matter.

"But where is your father?" demanded Mrs. Dillon; "will it be long before he or your mother returns?"

"They are both in the warehouse at the bottom of the yard, unpacking some goods," said he.

"Then run and tell him I wish to speak to him," said Mrs. Dillon.

The boy did not offer to move.

"Be as quick as you can," said she, "for I am in haste. I'll keep shop for you whilst you are gone;" and she smiled good humouredly as she spoke. Still he made not the slightest movement, and if possible looked more grave than at first.

"What a stupid creature!" said Miss Coleman in an under tone to her sister. "Don't you hear that lady say she is in a hurry?" and she turned authoritatively to the boy; "do as you are bid, and go directly."

"No—no," exclaimed Mrs. Dillon, "do not speak so to the poor boy, you frighten him." She looked kindly towards him—"If you will fetch either your father or mother to me immediately, I will give you a sixpence. You know me, don't you?" but neither command nor promise had as yet the desired effect, and a painful expression marked his features.

"Yes, ma'am," replied he; "you are Mrs. Dillon—you live in the square."

"Very well, then, do as I request you, and pray make haste," returned she.

For an instant he seemed as if he were

going to obey, but he almost immediately stopped short, cast a look at Mrs. Dillon, and coloured deeply.

"How very odd!" said she; "you don't like to go, is that the case? Tell me."

"I had rather not, if you please," replied he respectfully.

"Then you shall not," said Mrs. Dillon. His features brightened up.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Coleman. "What motive can he have for such a refusal?"

"I know children better than you do, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Dillon; "the boy has not an uncivil look. There is something more in this than we are aware of, and I do not think it right to press him further." She turned to the boy—"I will call again in the course of the morning if I am able; if not, you must

tell your father to come to me as early to-morrow as he can."

Joseph, for such was his name, followed her to the door, and the ladies departed.

"That boy's conduct puzzles me very much," said Mrs. Dillon as they walked along. "He could not be afraid to leave us alone in the shop. He knew me very well, and knew therefore that his parents would have made a point of showing me every respect."

"But refusing the money, too," said Miss Coleman; "it was certainly very odd. I could not help feeling rather vexed with him."

"I cannot say that," replied Mrs. Dillon, "though I am as much surprised as yourself. We shall perhaps know more about it by and by; at all events, I must say I

don't think many boys would have acted in the same manner."

Their commissions executed, Mrs. Dillon found they had yet time to call at Hervey's, and they accordingly retraced their steps to Brook-street. As they were approaching they perceived Mrs. Hervey at the door looking out, as it would appear, anxiously for some one. Catching sight of them she drew back respectfully, and stood ready to receive them as they entered.

"O, ma'am!" cried she, addressing Mrs. Dillon, "I am so sorry at my boy's conduct in refusing to do what you told him. I hope you are not offended. Both his father and myself are quite unhappy about it, though we can't altogether blame him either."

Mrs. Dillon assured her she had no

cause for apprehension, that she was not in the least offended, though she felt some curiosity as to the motive the boy could have for acting as he had done.

"Well ma'am, you must know," said Mrs. Hervey, "that we have lately lost a great many things out of the shop. Hervey and myself were obliged to unpack a hamper which just arrived, and which contained an order for a lady that had long been delayed, and we left the shop in strict charge to Joseph to quit it on no account whatever; but he ought to have made a difference with you; it was very wrong of him that he did not."

"Your opinion and mine, Mrs. Hervey," said Mrs. Dillon, "vary very much on this point. I admire and highly commend your son for his conduct. It was not for him to draw distinctions and to

exercise his own judgment when he had received a plain and positive command from you that left him no power to do so. Respect to me would have been disobedience to you—the fulfilment of a lesser duty at the expense of a greater.” Then, addressing Joseph, who had stood at a little distance ready to offer the apology his mother had prepared him to make —“You have acted most properly, I could almost say nobly, for you maintained your post faithfully, when deference to a superior might have rendered the necessity of obedience doubtful, and you resisted the temptation of a bribe. Continue thus to act, and make obedience your first and last duty ; it will bring you success in life, peace in death. You have been courageous also as well as faithful, and I respect the boldness of your integ-

riety as it deserves. I will not disparage your conduct in this instance, by offering money as its reward; but I will mark my approval of it by presenting you with a handsome Bible, in which shall be recorded the proof you have so happily given of a due knowledge and discharge of one of the first and greatest duties inculcated in its sacred pages."





The Passionate Boy.

“HE that conquereth his own spirit,” says the wise man, “is greater than he that taketh a city.” It would be well for mankind in general, and for individuals in particular, if the truth of this apoph-

the gm were as fully approved in practice, as it is admitted in proposition ; but the evils resulting from indulgence too clearly show that the task of vanquishing a moral defect, or infirmity, is almost universally considered as too inglorious, or too difficult, to be attempted. The folly of the former supposition it would be mere waste of words to expose ; of the incorrectness of the latter, the following tale may serve as an example.

Henry Vernon was an intelligent, clever little boy about seven years old. He was of an amiable disposition, generous and affectionate ; but he was unhappily addicted to violent fits of passion. Every remonstrance had hitherto failed, and the evil habit, instead of lessening, seemed daily to increase. Whenever he met with the slightest contradiction, he would throw

himself on the ground, where he generally lay struggling, screaming, and kicking, till he had exhausted himself.

It happened one day that Henry was very desirous of going into the room to his mother; but being forbidden to do so by his maid, he instantly threw himself into a passion, and, upon her endeavouring to draw him away, he uttered the most piercing shrieks. Alarmed at the sound, Mrs. Vernon came out; but her presence produced no effect. He paid no regard to her words, but continued to struggle and scream as before. Despairing of making any impression, she turned away with an intention of leaving him to himself, when her eye was arrested by the reflection of herself and son in the large glass which was suspended at the end of the apartment opposite to them. A thought instantly

struck her and, laying her hand on his arm, she directed his attention to the same object. She spoke not; and Henry, who had in the first instance involuntarily obeyed her motion, seemed to gather fresh rage alike from the interruption and the glance which he had caught. Attracted, however, by some secret impulse, he again turned to the glass, and he now found himself unable to withdraw his eyes. His mother's sorrowful countenance was shockingly contrasted with his own red and swollen face, and her fixed attitude with his frantic movements. He gradually became calm, his features lost their furious expression, and shame took possession of his heart.

"Henry," said Mrs. Vernon, "I perceive you are conscious of the folly and impropriety of your behaviour; but if you

appear thus contemptible in your own eyes, think for a moment how degraded you must appear in the sight of others, and, above all, in the sight of God. Think also if thus you stand self-accused and convicted in your own mind, what would be the sentence of your Almighty Judge, were He at this instant to call you before his awful tribunal."

Henry shuddered. "O, mamma," said he, "I am indeed ashamed, and sorry too; but forgive me this once, and I promise you that I will never be in a passion again."

"That," replied Mrs. Vernon, "is more than you can promise, or than I can expect; but I will readily grant my forgiveness on condition that you will steadily endeavour to conquer a habit which is not only censurable, but disgraceful, and the

consequences of which no one can foresee. Disease, murder, and death, are, however, frequently its followers, while constant disquietude, if not actual misery, is its inseparable companion."

"Say no more, mamma," cried Henry. "I am *sure* I can answer for myself—trust me, and you shall not be disappointed."

Mrs. Vernon shook her head. "I respect the sincerity of your intention, my dear boy," said she, "and therefore I promise to *trust* you; but remember that self-confidence affords no ground for a continuance in well doing, and that the greatest strength consists in habitually guarding against an acknowledged weakness. You have, however, entreated my reliance upon your word, and have obtained your request; beware, then, how you give me cause to repent of my dependence on

you, which you are now bound to justify."

For some time Henry was true to his promise: his satisfaction was great, and he rather proudly remarked to his mother, how much better he understood his own powers than she had done. It happened, however, unfortunately, that he and one of his younger brothers were one evening amusing themselves with building card houses. Henry had reared his edifice many stories high, and was exulting in his superior skill, when his little companion accidentally shook the table, and the fruit of his care and patience was destroyed in an instant. All self-command immediately fled, and in a gust of passion he aimed a blow at Charles. This was returned, and a battle was on the point of ensuing, when Mrs. Vernon flew to part the combat-

ants. She succeeded in drawing Charles away without difficulty; but Henry was not to be restrained so easily. Enraged still more by this interference, he sprang after his brother, and, failing in his attempt to seize him, he raised his arm, and with his whole strength struck his mother. No sooner had he done so than horror and contrition filled his bosom. For a few moments he remained motionless, and then falling at her feet, he besought pardon.

"Rise, Henry," said Mrs. Vernon, in a tone so calm, yet so expressive of acute feeling, that it chilled his very heart. "You have a higher pardon than mine to implore, and this it must be your duty and your endeavour to obtain. Your offence as regards myself is forgiven; but my good opinion and dependence on your word are forfeited, and not till I see that

I have just cause for doing so, can they be restored to you."

Never had Henry met with punishment like that which he now endured. No allusion, indeed, was made to his fault, no reproof met his ear; no restriction was put upon his pastimes, or hours of recreation, and no heavier tasks were imposed. Every thing proceeded as before. The gentleness and kindness of his mother remained unaltered: she attended to his wants with scrupulous exactness, assisted him in preparing his lessons for his Latin master, or with unwearied patience taught him herself, and allowed him all his usual indulgences. But there was a seeming indifference in her manner which stung him to the quick; no smile ever awaited his approach, no endearing epithet fell from her lips, no invitation to sit beside

her followed his efforts to enter into conversation, and never, as before, was her cheek pressed fondly to his when he had denied himself any pleasure to gratify his brothers and sisters.

Now it was that he felt what he had lost. For some time he bore his correction in submission and silence, keeping the strictest guard over his temper, and showing himself obedient to the slightest wishes of his mother. He had encountered many opportunities of testing his power of self-control, and had been victorious in all. He watched every turn of her countenance, he redoubled his endeavours to please her and to win her attention. In vain were his efforts; she was uniformly calm, reserved, and apparently regardless of him.

At length this began to be insupporta-

ble, and various as painful were the reflections and conjectures that arose in his mind. Sometimes he questioned the justice of her behaviour towards him, and thought her needlessly severe, and framed excuses for himself; at others he feared that she had ceased to love him. But these impressions lasted only while he was out of her presence. All her actions breathed affection not to be doubted, and his heart smote him not only for the offence he had originally given her, but for the suspicions that he allowed to rise.

Full of sad thoughts, he came to take leave of her one evening before he retired to rest. "Good night, mamma," said he mournfully. Mrs. Vernon simply returned the salutation. Henry paused. "Good night, *dear* mamma," said he, kiss-

ing her cheek and laying great stress on the epithet "dear."

"Good night, Henry," calmly replied Mrs. Vernon, continuing her occupation.

Henry still lingered by her side. "Good night, mamma," he repeated in a tone expressive of what was passing in his heart. "*My own* mamma, good night."

He received no answer, and the tide of proud and irritated feeling was rising in his breast, when he saw a large tear-drop on the muslin which his mother held in her hand. He could contain himself no longer, but throwing his arms round her neck he sobbed aloud.

"Restore to me your good opinion, your own sweet love; O! notice me again, or indeed you will break my heart," cried he in broken accents. "You have punished me rightly; but do not, for pity's sake, do

not punish me thus any longer. Assist me to conquer whatever displeases you, and help me to become good and happy."

Mrs. Vernon returned his caresses with equal ardour, but for a few moments was silent. "Henry," said she at length, "I have suffered as well as yourself; and let the remembrance of what your infirmity has cost us both, act as a check upon you for the future."

"I am sure it will," returned the still agitated boy. "O! how much more severely have I felt your displeasure in this manner, than I should have done if you had openly expressed your anger. I could have borne every thing you could have said to me, or any punishment you might have inflicted on me; but to love me, and not to show me that you loved me,—to be so cold, and yet so good,—to

be like my own mamma in every thing, and yet not like her in what I love best; O! it was such strange kindness;"—and he again burst into tears.

Mrs. Vernon wept with him. "It was not without much effort, my dear boy," said she, "that I was able to preserve the line of conduct I had marked out for myself towards you; but a superior motive to mere personal consideration sustained me—the hope of effectually curing you of a serious and dangerous defect—and I trust my views are answered."

"I trust so too," said Mr. Vernon, who had been some time in the room unperceived; "and now let me draw an inference from what has passed, which perhaps your mother might have some delicacy in doing. Thus, Henry, does our heavenly Father in many instances act

by His rational creatures as she has acted by you. Presuming on our own strength, we neglect to implore His grace, and are suffered by Him to fall from our resolutions, and to prove by sad experience our weakness. We provoke Him with our offences, we insult Him by our neglect and indifference, and compel Him to turn his face away from us. Yet does He not leave us entirely. He supports us amidst danger, and sustains us amidst difficulties and distresses. Happy are they whom He awakens to a sense of their own unworthiness by the gentler demonstrations of His power. Happy, thrice happy they, who, being brought to a sense of their error, forsake it evermore, and, feeling their own weakness, ask and obtain the help of the Almighty."

Henry was right; he never did forget

the lesson he had received. It required, indeed, and for some time to come, the utmost vigilance both of himself and his parents entirely to conquer the infirmities of his temper; but the task was finally accomplished; and he is now remarkable for the sweetness and urbanity of his manners, and is justly the delight and the happiness of his family and connections.



The Holiday Visit.

“Do you really think, mamma,” exclaimed Ellen Heywood, “that it is such a very difficult thing to know oneself? It does not appear to me to be so. If I was not afraid that you would be displeased

with me for seeming to contradict you, I should say *I know myself*."

"I do think it a very difficult thing to know ourselves truly," replied Mrs. Heywood. "I grant that careful attention to our thoughts, motives, and actions, will give us considerable insight into our present character, and teach us accurately what we are at the time; but as the earth contains seeds which quicken into life as the soil is turned up and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, causing the husbandman often to wonder from whence they spring, and how they could have escaped his detection, so do our breasts conceal qualities which are unsuspected by ourselves till brought to light by concurring circumstances. We are under trial in this world; and every shifting scene, by producing fresh effects upon us,

displays fresh traits of character, nor can our dispositions be considered as fully developed until the grave closes over us. Watchfulness and humility therefore in ourselves, conjoined with the greatest tenderness to those who unhappily deviate from the right path, are the indispensable virtues of every Christian. Firm in our dependence on God's mercy and covenanted assistance, we must always distrust ourselves; and whilst we may justly cherish the liveliest gratitude so long as we are able to maintain our integrity, we must never forget that we bear that in our bosoms which may betray us in an unguarded moment, and change our joy into shame and sorrow."

"But you don't positively accuse me of envying Clara Dimsdale for her great talents," replied Ellen. "You are only

afraid that I might be induced to do so if we were to be thrown much in each other's way."

"That is my fear," returned Mrs. Heywood; "and the more so as we are very apt to err in those respects where we least suspect weakness, or are most sure of our strength." .

"Then I will only say," said Ellen, "that I love Clara very dearly, and that I should like every body to admire her as much as I do: but this I may maintain—you, dear mamma, never envied any one. You are always the first to see what is amiable or pleasing in others, and always the most ready to acknowledge it."

"You are partial, my dear," said Mrs. Heywood.

"O no! I am not," replied Ellen, warmly; "every body says so. I heard aunt

Chapman say this very thing of you to papa, who told her she was quite right,—that he never saw any one so free from every shade of envy or jealousy of another as yourself.”

Mrs. Heywood smiled. “You are all excellent judges,” said she, “no doubt; and it would be very ungracious, and ungrateful too, to impugn such opinion. Do you see this scar on my finger?” and she extended her hand.

“O yes!” replied Ellen, “I have often observed it.”

“It is the remains of a wound,” said she, “that was caused by my own indiscretion, and which gave me great pain at the time. Now it gives me no inconvenience, but is useful to me by reminding me of former folly.”

“Mamma,” replied Ellen, looking her in

the face; "you have a meaning in what you say. I know your manner too well to be mistaken."

"You are right," said Mrs. Heywood; "there are other wounds besides those which we may exhibit outwardly; a review of these, though not flattering to our pride, may not be unprofitable, either to others or ourselves. You have given me credit for a high virtue! What if I exhibit an inward scar, and in some way account for any pretension I may have to what you ascribe to me? The wound on my finger taught me discretion in one way: might not a similar wound in my heart teach me wisdom in another? But take your work, and I will tell you something that occurred to me when I was first at school."

"O, thank you, thank you," cried Ellen,

quickly seating herself; "I should so like to hear it—tales about school are so very pretty—here is my thimble—here my scissors—now I am quite ready, if you will please to begin."

"During my first half year at school," said Mrs. Heywood, "I attached myself very strongly to one of my companions, who was nearly of my own age, she being only a few months older than myself. She was—"

"Her name, please, mamma?" interrupted Ellen.

"Margaret Fielding," replied Mrs. Heywood.

"Was she tall or short, fair or dark, pretty or not?" asked Ellen; "I like to know all these particulars first. Papa says they are to the story what the preface is to the book."

"Then, by the same rule," replied Mrs. Heywood, "I hope you will always make a point of reading the preface to every book before you commence with the work itself. It is a very good plan; and it is but justice to the author as well as benefit to the reader to pursue it. But to my story and your introduction. Margaret was rather tall and elegantly formed, her hair was a dark brown, and her complexion, which was brilliant, corresponded with it; she was not only pretty but handsome."

Ellen returned a smile of great satisfaction, and then composed her features into an air of attentive seriousness.

"She was in my eyes," continued Mrs. Heywood, "all that was amiable or desirable as a friend; and in truth I did not think more highly of her than she de-

served. She showed a talent for almost every accomplishment; and as no pains had been already spared with myself, we were not very unequally matched, though the advantage was certainly in every respect in her favour. This was a circumstance to be rejoiced at rather than to be regretted, and it was flattering to my own pride to be the chosen friend of one who was so distinguished in the school as Margaret Fielding. We always danced together, sang together, played duets together, learnt our lessons together, walked together, and slept in beds side by side."

"O! how agreeable!" exclaimed Ellen, "I often think, when I hear any one talk of school, that I should like to go to school myself."

"Perhaps you will two or three years hence," returned Mrs Heywood; "school

has many advantages, and many pleasures too. But accounts of schools are not unlike narratives of journeys and voyages; what is agreeable and interesting form the prominent features, what is otherwise either escapes notice, or is purposely kept in the shade. My letters home were full of Margaret Fielding; and for many days after I had returned for the holidays I could talk of no one else. My greatest delight was to write to her, or to receive a letter from her. My brother—"

"Uncle William, mamma?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, your uncle James was only in arms at the time," replied Mrs. Heywood.

"My brother William, of whom I was excessively fond, jested with me on the subject of my incomparable friend, and pretended to doubt the possibility of such excellence, while I, in return, accused him

of being jealous of the love I bestowed on her. Be that as it may, the thought of Margaret reconciled me to leaving all so dear to me at Northfield; and when we met, absence seemed to have strengthened my affection. The time passed quickly and happily away, and never once had we disagreed on a single point."

"Was she as good-tempered as you, mamma?" asked Ellen, who could not entirely keep silence; "and was she as graceful as you?"

Mrs. Heywood smiled. "That is rather a singular question," said she. "We will make no comparisons. I can only assure you that her temper, like her disposition, was excellent; and that there was a liveliness and an innocence of manner about her, that made her very fascinating. But you must let me proceed. The Christmas

holidays were approaching. O that Margaret might spend a part of them with me! I communicated my wishes to her, she warmly responded to them,—both agreed that nothing could be more delightful. I wrote immediately to my mother, for I could not brook the delay of my seeing her. I pleaded all I could in favour of my request; nor was the assurance I gave that they would all be enchanted with her, that they would all love her when they saw her, the least frequently or the least anxiously urged.

“My wish was granted. The invitation was given by my mother to her, and was accepted. The time arranged was the middle or towards the close of the holidays, when we were generally most gay.

“Again I was in the bosom of my family; and although I was as happy as

the utmost kindness and attention to all my desires could make me, I thought the time would never come for the arrival of Margaret. I had never been made 'so much of' as at that time. The fact was, I had benefited greatly in every respect during the months I had been absent; and many of our visitors and acquaintance, not quite so judicious as my dear parents, had so openly, and so extravagantly expressed their admiration of my appearance, the brilliancy of my touch, the gracefulness of my carriage, and the correctness of my steps, that my self-love was not a little flattered.

"Margaret at length arrived. I had in no degree exaggerated the impression she was calculated to make on all who saw her. My brother William, my mother, and especially my father, were charmed

with her; and, as my visitor, and in compliment to her own family, every attention was paid to her comfort and convenience. She was to sleep in the dressing-room of the best chamber, because it was the prettiest in the house and very near my own. I viewed with inexpressible pleasure the arrangements that were made for her, and contributed myself to her indulgences and elegances by depriving myself of whatever I thought would please her."

"Now didn't you, mamma," cried Ellen, "stand in the middle of that pretty room, and look round on every part to be sure that nothing was wanting? I think I see you; and then, if your eye detected any omission, you ran instantly, did you not, either to supply the deficiency from your own chamber, or to exchange what

you thought inferior for a better wherever you could get it?"

"You might rather picture to yourself, if you were able," said Mrs. Heywood, "the delight that Margaret showed when I directed, as delicately as I could, her attention to the preparations that had been made for her. Never was pleasure more vividly felt than that which I experienced the first evening of her introduction to my family. I felt myself flattered and exalted by the attention shown her, and proud of the effect produced on all; and I believe we both went to bed as happy as it was possible for any girls of our age to be. Our felicity was indeed perfect; there was not a thought or a sensation in either of us that could alloy its sweetness.

"The next day and the two following

days passed. Margaret won still more on the affection of all. I had been openly admired; Margaret, if possible, was still more so. What was the matter with myself in the mean time I could not tell. I was not sure whether I was satisfied with myself, or dissatisfied with her. Had I been required to point out a difference in her which might warrant the strange sensation that was increasing upon me, I could not have done it. If others redoubled their attentions to her, so did she exhibit a more affectionate manner to me; if others praised her, she repeated the praises only that were bestowed on myself; and yet something which I could not define, much less convey to another's comprehension, was drawing a line between us, and while my lips still uttered the same terms of endearment as

before, there was a chilliness in my heart that pained me excessively.

"Margaret, however, was unconscious of any such alteration; and her natural animation increased with the attention paid her. We performed many pieces together, and sang several duets, and at all times we were heard with general approbation. I thought, however, that more was said in commendation of Margaret's execution, of Margaret's power and compass of voice, than there was cause for; and one morning when we were invited to sing a duet which had been admired the evening before, I felt unable to give the usual effect to it. Margaret, on the contrary, excelled herself; I never heard her sing so well before. The same observation was made by all, and none suppressed their approbation; while William

in his usual frank manner exclaimed, 'What was the matter, Ellen? you did not sing your part half so well as Miss Fielding sang hers.' How angry I was with him! But no one perceived it, and I was thankful that they did not.

"The next evening we were to have a dance. When Margaret was dressed she asked me to look at her, and tell her whether I approved of her appearance. My mother's maid stood gazing on her with great satisfaction. 'Isn't it becoming, miss?' exclaimed she, appealing to me. I heard her; I saw Margaret's eyes fixed on me. What could make me feel as I did? The frock was not a new one; I had seen it an evening or two before we left school, and I then thought that I had never seen her look so sweetly; and did she not look equally well then? Who

could deny it, her whole appearance was lovely! I was fully conscious of the fact, yet the expression on my countenance was such that she exclaimed, 'I thought so; I see you do not approve of my arranging my hair in this way—I will alter it.' I made no reply; something was on my lips which I instantly suppressed, and we entered the drawing room together; she with a step as light as air; I, to my own feelings at least, with 'leadен foot.'

"My brother immediately advanced to meet us. My father took Margaret's hand, and presented her to a family whom we esteemed the most considerable in the neighbourhood. Did this give me pleasure? O no! I had often mentioned the D'Arcys to her, and hoped she would see them. Was I then disappointed in the

appearance of my friend, or in any way ashamed of her? No, no; she was all and more than I had described; yet, while every other heart bounded to her, mine was momentarily growing colder and colder towards her. My father, who delighted in display, desired us in the course of the evening to perform a dance we had learnt at school, and which we had exhibited, with our usual glee and happiness, the first evening of Margaret's arrival, and several times since.

" 'Ellen,' said my father, in a tone of vexation as he led us to our seats at the conclusion of the dance, 'what is come to you? I never saw you dance so ill; you were a complete foil to Miss Fielding; and if you had been distracted with the toothache you could not have been more grave and inanimate.' Alas, how sur-

prised and ashamed would he have been could he have read his Ellen's heart at that moment !

“It had always been our custom, when we had finished the dance I am speaking of, so to bend our heads at the conclusion that we could unobserved bring our lips to each other's cheek. Margaret, as usual in her own sweet and playful manner, had attempted to do this on the present occasion. In an instant I drew back as stiff and as cold as if she had been taking a liberty, and was a perfect stranger to me. She looked surprised ; but this was no time for remark. The party soon after broke up. I would not stay a moment in her room, nor would I undress in any but my own. She pressed me not to leave her. I answered her in a tone of voice that startled and shocked

her, and which covered my own cheek with a blush of shame. I avoided, however, the explanation she anxiously requested, and withdrew myself hastily to my own apartment.

“By way of an agreeable surprise my father informed me, next morning, that he had gained an extension of my friend’s visit. I heard him with poignant regret, and the demonstration of my annoyance, which I had hitherto suppressed, now broke forth. It was with difficulty that I could be civil to her; and but that, happily for me, she was unexpectedly sent for home, I know not what rudeness I might have been guilty of. I saw her depart with pleasure, and, strange to say, I saw her no more. Her father, who held high rank in the army, had received a staff appointment abroad, and left England

almost immediately after. She married early in life; and though occasional letters passed at first between us, all intercourse soon ceased, and I am at this moment as ignorant of her destiny as she, in all probability, is of mine. And now, Ellen, what was the cause of the estrangement? Was Margaret to blame? O no! the whole is summed up in a very few words: I envied her—I was jealous of the regard and attention that were paid her. The baneful propensity which had slumbered in my heart was thus brought to light. At first I did not understand the nature of my feeling; but when I became fully sensible of it, I was shocked at myself. I revealed all to my mother, who was greatly astonished at the discovery of a tendency in me which she had never suspected. She united her endeav-

ours with mine to eradicate the painful inmate of my bosom; and if we succeeded, I owe the victory, under the good providence of God, to her."

Ellen looked earnestly at her mother, and was silent; then rising, she laid her head on her shoulder and burst into tears. "You will believe me then, my child," whispered Mrs. Heywood, "when I again assure you, that it is not so easy a thing to know ourselves as you imagine; and will remember your mother."



Civility never Lost.

“WHY did you not make a bow to those ladies when you passed them?” said Frank Masters to his companion Joe Burns.

“Bow to them?” repeated Joe, “why

should I? I don't know who they are."

"Nor do I, but that does not signify," returned Frank; "they are ladies, you may be sure, and our betters, and we ought to show them respect."

"How do I know that they are ladies?" said Joe; "ladies are not likely to be walking here; and I am sure they are not so fine."

"It don't follow that they are not ladies—and real ladies too—for all that," returned Frank. "I should sooner think that they are, for that very reason that they are not so fine; but I'm certain, quite certain, that they *are* ladies."

"What makes you so sure?" demanded Joe. "I should like to hear how you know real ladies from others."

Frank was puzzled for an answer. It

is not always easy to convey to others the impressions of our own minds, however correctly they may be formed; the mental vision may be correct where definitions may utterly fail.

"Aye, aye," cried Joe, chuckling; "I thought how much you knew about it."

"I do know though," said Frank, warmly. "There is something—I don't know what to call it—very different in the appearance of real ladies, and those who wish to be thought such; they do not look conceited, and they don't walk proud; and when they pass you, it is not because they are so grand you are afraid to push near them, but something that is so sweet and yet so—I don't mean serious, and I don't mean severe—something that makes one feel it is right to touch one's hat to them; and then they don't seem

to be thinking only of themselves, for they will give you a kind look and a kind word, when the others will do neither."

"I don't see it," replied Joe; "and I won't bow to anybody till I do."

"Speak then to them," said Frank; "you will soon see then what I mean."

"I dare say," said Joe; "speak indeed! And do you suppose if you did speak to them they would say any thing to you again?"

"To be sure I do," said he, "only speak properly to a lady, and she is certain to speak to you again, and speak kindly too."

"I don't believe it," replied Joe, "and what's more, I don't believe that you dare speak to one."

"I dare," said Frank firmly.

"Then speak to those ladies," said Joe.

"And so I will," returned Frank. "I am afraid we have been staying longer here than we ought, and that it must be late;" and so saying he ran after the ladies, who were thus unconsciously the subject of dispute, and advancing a few steps before Joe, who had followed him to be sure of the fact, he approached them, and respectfully touching his hat, asked them if they would be so good as to tell him what o'clock it was.

Both instantly stopped. "I would willingly," said one in a gentle and cheerful voice, "if I could, but I fear I have left my watch behind me."

"I think I can tell you," said the other; "it is two o'clock exactly." Frank thanked her. "But I hope you are not too late for school," added she, "and have been loitering your time away; if so, I must tell

you it is a very bad habit to be irregular in any respect, and nothing more so than to break in upon the hours of school."

"We were not going to school," returned Frank, "we have a holiday;" and again bowing he respectfully fell back. The look he glanced at Joe clearly indicated, "I told you so;" but before he could give utterance to the words, one of the ladies called to him.

"As you are not going to school," said she, "you will perhaps show me the nearest way to Holm-corner."

"Do you mean that low piece of ground at the bottom of the Park, where the water always lies?" inquired Frank; "I know exactly where it is, but you must not go this way, it is so very wet and dirty, and we shall find the other

bad enough. May he go too?" and he pointed to Joe.

Assent was given. Frank begged to take the little basket which one of the ladies held in her hand, and reaching the spot, he, like a pioneer, conducted them through the marshy ground, which it would have been impossible for them to have crossed without such a guide. The worst part, however, was still to be traversed. The ladies had hitherto pursued their way with the greatest good humour, laughing frequently at the dangers they had to encounter; but they were now at a stand,—either to go forward or return was but an alternative of evils. Still their merriment was not damped, nor was Frank's courage and activity lessened through the encouragement their manner gave him.

"I did not think it was so bad as this," said he; "but never mind, ladies, we shall get through now, this way," and he directed first one and then the other. "Set your foot here—it won't give way—now here, don't be afraid;" and at last he held out his hand to the lady nearest him, which was gladly taken, and desiring Joe to do the same to the other, they both reached the dry ground without much further inconvenience.

"You are a very civil, clever little boy," said the lady whom he had principally guided. "What is your name?"

"Frank Masters, ma'am," replied he.

"And your companion's, my guide," inquired the lady whose name appeared to be Emily.

Joe murmuringly answered her.

"Well, Frank," said the first lady, "I

am very much obliged to you, and I shall be still more so if you can assist me to procure what I now see, after all our perils, it is impossible for me to procure for myself. Look at that plant."

"That pretty one growing out of the water?" asked Frank, following the direction of her finger. "O! you can never get that; and there is another like it, and another handsomer still."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed both ladies, "how we shall be laughed at when we tell the result of our adventure!"

"But you shall have them," said Frank with animation, and motioning to Joe to do the same, he turned his back to the ladies, took off his shoes, pulled up his trowsers as high as he could, and waded through mud and water to the prize.

"And this, and this," cried he; "would

you like this?" as other plants attracted his notice. At length he returned, laden with his spoils, which he gave up with great satisfaction to the ladies, who had stood by the water's edge eagerly directing him, and who now expressed in lively terms their obligation to him, and their pleasure at the addition they had gained to their botanical treasures.

Frank was now as happy as possible, and even Joe could not but partake of his gratification; but there was a coarseness and a consequent shyness about him that made him much less prepossessing than Frank. The ladies were conducted by a drier path on their return, though the guidance and skill of the boys were not more necessary than acceptable. Before they had reached the direct road, however, much of the family history of Frank

had been divulged. He had five brothers and sisters, all younger than himself; two of them were very sickly, and his mother worked night and day; only himself went to school, and he helped his mother in the evening to teach the little ones to read. His father was out of employ, in consequence of the death of a gentleman in whose service he had been for some years; and he was now trying to get the undergardener's place at the hall; if he succeeded, all would be right, his mother said; they should have good wages and a cottage, and many other advantages; but a great many were after the place, and his father was very much afraid he should miss it, for he had nobody to speak for him to the Duke, who was a very kind gentleman, or to the Duchess, which would be better still, for, though such a great

man, he would not refuse her any thing; if he had, there might be a chance, his father thought, of his getting the situation.

"Do you know the Duke when you see him?" asked one of his attentive auditors.

"No, ma'am," replied Frank; "I never saw him that I know of, nor any one else at the hall, for they have not been here for a good while till now."

"And who teaches you the good manners which I must say you possess?" demanded she. "I was pleased with the way in which you bowed to me when we met you first, and surprised, I own, at your companion's rudeness."

"O! mother teaches us to do *that*," replied Frank; "she often says, disrespect is not a single fault, there must always be something wrong at the root of it;

and that it is a proof of ignorance, if not of what is a great deal worse."

"Your mother is a sensible, and, I make no doubt, a good woman," said she; "but did she ever tell you on what grounds she says so?" Frank was at a loss for an answer. "Then I will do so myself," continued she; "your mother knows well that it is God who appoints different stations in life. No one, however, is so lofty as not to have a superior, in order that there may be room in the heart of all for humility and for respect. A deficiency in these qualities argues a proud spirit, which God abhors; or a discontented one, which is open rebellion against him. Our duty is to give to all their due, 'honour to whom honour, custom to whom custom,' and that not as to men alone, but as to the great Judge of all. The marks of defer-

ence, therefore, which your mother commands you to show your superiors, that of touching your hat and speaking respectfully, are not only proofs of civility and politeness which you owe to every one, but of a rightly directed heart and a regard to your duty."

Frank listened with profound attention, but neither dared to reply nor to take his leave. He was silently wishing that the ladies would tell him to go, and thus relieve his embarrassment, when, turning an angle of the road, a gentleman came suddenly upon them. "I began to be uneasy about you both," said he, hastening to them. "When I heard where you were gone, and without any one with you, I was coming in search of you. But whom have you here?"

The ladies now laughing recounted their

adventure, and the assistance they had received from the boys, but particularly from Frank. "And now," said the lady, whom Frank ever after called *his* lady, "you have an opportunity of speaking to the Duke yourself in favour of your father, or, if you prefer it, I will do so for you." Had all chance of success depended upon his son, Masters would certainly have failed, so completely was the poor boy overcome with surprise and alarm. The Duchess smiled.

"This little boy's father," said she, addressing the gentleman, "has applied for poor Tomkins' place as under-gardener, and I must entreat you to bestow it upon him. The conduct of children is a pretty sure evidence of the character of the parents, and I have seen and heard enough of his to prepossess me in their favour."

The Duke shook his head and smiled.
"You are apt to be partial," said he.
"What says Lady Emily?"

"That I cannot possibly interfere with the Duchess' wishes," replied she. "I must give my vote, too, in favour of our little guide's father."

"Now run away and tell your mother," said the Duchess, "that as soon as she is settled in her new cottage, I will come and see her."

Frank needed no second bidding, but the moment he was out of sight and hearing, he exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you, Joe, they were ladies? What a good thing it was that I did as mother bids me!"



It will do To-morrow.

It is a bad plan to draw upon the future for the power to do that which we are capable of performing to-day. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work,

nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest,"—is a maxim of wisdom and truth which none can controvert. The present, and the present only, is in any sense our own; for "The morrow is a space of time to be found only in the fool's calendar."

"It will do to-morrow." This belief, if it really amounted to any feeling of the kind, was the bane of Edward Col-
linson from his earliest youth. Whatever depended upon himself was invariably deferred; in consequence of which he was, what he termed himself to be, "the most unfortunate fellow in the world, always out of luck's way,"—but one whom wiser persons than he looked upon only as the just victim of procrastination. At school he never distinguished himself, though he had very fair abilities; and

when he became a clerk in a mercantile house he never gained a step but as he rose by regular rotation, and that simply because he failed in promptitude.

His family were respectable, but far from affluent, all the members of it being called upon to exert themselves for their own maintenance as soon as they were able. Himself and his two next brothers were provided for; it was now a great point to dispose of the fourth son suitably. Many disappointments had occurred, and but few *real* opportunities of success presented themselves. At length a vacancy took place in the house of Williams & Co., where Edward had now been fixed two or three years. His father was well known to the parties; and as he himself bore the character of a very steady young man, and in consequence

stood well with his superiors, an application in favour of his brother seemed very promising. As no time was to be lost, and Mr. Collinson was unable to call upon Mr. Williams, he wrote a letter to that gentleman, strongly urging him to regard his request favourably, and committed it to the care of Edward, with a strict injunction that he should deliver it himself immediately on his reaching the house of business.

Mr. Williams happened to be later than usual before he arrived, and Edward in the mean time had been dispatched to the London Docks. Here he was detained some time; then recollecting that he had omitted to call the day before on some parties connected with the firm, he still further delayed his return by going to speak to them. When he again

reached —— Lane, he found on inquiry that Mr. Williams was preparing to leave; still, more than sufficient time was allowed him to deliver both message and letter, as his father had desired, without intruding upon his superior's arrangements. He was preparing to step forward, when seeing Mr. Williams lock his desk, and about to take his hat, he at once changed his intention. "It will do just as well to-morrow," said he; "my father is always so pressing in these things; and Mr. Williams will not thank me for keeping him. Now a few hours can make no difference." So reasoning he put the letter into his own desk, and saw Mr. Williams depart without further concern.

The next morning he requested leave to speak to Mr. Williams almost as soon as he arrived. He presented the letter

to him, and was about to deliver the message with which he was also charged, when Mr. Williams, who had glanced his eye over the contents, prevented him, by exclaiming, "How very vexatious! There is nothing that would have given me more pleasure than to have acceded to your father's wishes; if I had but known them yesterday, your brother should have had the situation. It was only this very morning, just before I left home, that a gentleman called on me in favour of his nephew, and having no one particularly in view, I promised it at once to him. Assure your father that I am really very sorry for the circumstance."

So was Edward, *very sorry*; but it was of a piece with every thing else he undertook; if another person had had any thing to do with it, he would have been

certain to succeed; his old luck stood by him, if nothing else did.

Some time afterwards Mr. Williams was desirous of sending out a trustworthy young man to his partners abroad. Edward had always entertained a strong desire to visit foreign lands; and as peculiar advantages were attached to the present proposal, he was very eager to secure it. "Apply for it directly," was the advice of a friend; "there are several about it; but I have reason to think Mr. Williams expects you to make application for it, and would listen favourably to you." Edward professed thankfulness for the encouragement, determined on speaking immediately to Mr. Williams; and he did so; not that day indeed, there was no need for such haste as that, but on the next.

"Why didn't you speak to me before?" said Mr. Williams. "I have actually promised Nelson, only an hour ago, to send him out."

"Was there ever any thing so unlucky?" said Edward, as he finished relating the circumstance to his friend by whose advice he had acted. "I am sure there is a spell against me."

And truly there was a spell against him, stronger than any incantation could make it; a spell which can render the strong man's intentions as flax, and destroy, without noise and without effort, the noblest fabric of man's wishes and intentions. If "procrastination be the thief of time," so is it also the ruin of his best-laid schemes.

When Edward had been some time longer in his present situation, his father met

with losses in his profession, which ended alike in his ruin and his death. He left a widow and two daughters, totally unprovided for, and therefore dependent upon Edward as far as he was able to render them assistance. To add to his misfortunes, Mr. Williams at this time was thrown from his horse, and so much injured as to die almost immediately afterwards. The concern was soon after wound up, and Edward was left without employment. For some weeks he was thus painfully circumstanced; his old luck continuing, as he said, to follow him. Let him apply to whom, or for what he might, he was always only a few hours too late. So certain was he that it was of no use for him to seek after any thing, that he really thought he might as well give himself no further trouble. At last,

however, through the interest of some friends, he obtained a very good situation in a house formerly connected with the late firm of Williams & Co., in Jamaica.

Before he left the country he insured his life for as large a sum as he was able, as a provision for his mother and sisters in case of his death. "Come what will," said he to them, "I have this satisfaction, that if you lose me, you will yet have something to depend upon." It was a sad parting between him and his family, for he was very affectionate, and was tenderly loved in return by his relations. His mother, in particular, seemed to suffer at the idea of separation, and by every argument in his power he sought to soothe her, and to reconcile it to her mind. His last words to her were, "My dear mother,

if I did not see you thus distressed, I should leave you with cheerfulness, because I go in the full hope of being able to assist you materially, and perhaps eventually to restore you to the position in life you have been accustomed to occupy; for who can tell? Why may I not be as successful, after all, as many others have been, and return in a few years a rich man, make your old age comfortable and happy, provide for my sisters if they should not be already provided for, and leave for ever my ill luck to the scorching sun and the yellow fever?"

So spake Edward, and his mother clung to the comfort his words imparted; she repeated them to her friends, breathed them on her pillow, and at last persuaded herself that they were prophetic. The

idea soothed her; and who would have wished to substitute painful reality for pleasurable anticipation? Our life is, indeed, but as a vapour, over which the gleamings of hope diffuse a bright though illusory splendour, cheering to the eye and soothing to the heart; and as such may well be permitted to the sufferer and the bereaved, the afflicted and the weary.

Edward's "ill luck," however, on many occasions continued to follow him. Once in particular he had nearly lost his situation through his pertinacious belief that to-morrow would do as well as to-day. He was desired to see a person who was on the eve of sailing for England. The vessel had been detained many days by a contrary wind, and this evening there was a dead calm. It was absurd there-

fore to give himself any unnecessary trouble about the matter; there lay the vessel, and there it would lie; he would execute his orders early the next morning. But a breeze sprang up in the night, and increased to a steady and favourable gale; and when Edward, as soon as he rose, looked out of his window, the fluttering streamer was all that was visible to his eye. Would this have happened to any other person? No; he was sure it would not. No matter where he went, he believed, he always was, and he feared, always would be, the most unlucky fellow in the world.

In the mean time his mother and sisters, in spite of the assistance he gave them, and which, to his credit be it recorded, was to the utmost extent of his power, experienced much discomfort, and were

compelled to endure many privations. All exerted themselves for a maintenance; but females are sadly circumscribed in this respect, and their most strenuous efforts are often insufficient to procure more than a miserable pittance. To add to their troubles, Mrs. Collinson's health began to fail; and there were necessities as well as indulgences, the want of which was severely felt. Much as they concealed from their brother, a tone of melancholy, if not despondency, began to show itself in his sisters' letters.

One of the partners of the house, Mr. Mason, pleased with Edward's amiable manners and his correct conduct, took a great liking to him, and showed him on all occasions marked kindness. There was no reserve in Edward's disposition; and, won by Mr. Mason's condescension,

he soon communicated to him all the circumstances of himself and family. With a generosity that distinguished him, that gentleman, on hearing of Mrs. Collinson's illness, immediately advanced him a sum of money for her use. Nothing could have come more opportunely than this loan. He had remitted nearly all his quarter's salary to his mother by the last packet, and the premium of his assurance was now due. If he recollected right, he had yet a few days' grace; he would look when he reached his lodgings, and if necessary he would call at the office and pay it, perhaps that evening, or as soon after as possible. He searched for the notice, but was unable to find it; no matter, he would stop on his way to business in the morning, and pay the premium at once. He did so—not that day,

but on the following. "Your policy expired yesterday," was the reply of the clerk to whom he tendered the money. "I am very sorry; but it is no fault of ours: the proper notice was given you."

"This is the crowning height of my ill luck," cried Edward; "never was such an unlucky wight born as my unfortunate self." And with a heavy heart he entered the office, and seated himself at his desk. There, to his surprise, lay a letter directed to him; it having been transmitted by the writer to the care of Messrs. Warren & Mason. He opened it; when what was his astonishment and delight when he found it to be an official letter from a solicitor, informing him that a distant relation of his name, whose death he announced, had left him the sole heir to his property, which was

something considerable; in the event, however, of his dying without issue, a more distant branch still than himself was to inherit it. As Mr. Collinson had died in a distant colony, four months had elapsed since the news had reached England; in consequence of which a pretty large sum of ready money was at Edward's disposal at the present time.

With a heart bounding with pleasure and gratitude he hastened to Mr. Mason, and put the letter into his hand. The kind-hearted man having read it, warmly congratulated him on his good fortune.

"O! it is not for myself," cried Edward, "that I feel thus happy. My mother, my dear mother and sisters!"—the tears rushed into his eyes, and he paused;—they shall now be as inde-

pendent as myself," he resumed with cheerful voice; "for you will observe, sir, that I have it now in my power to provide handsomely for them."

"Lose no time then," returned Mr. Mason; "the sooner you execute your intentions the better."

"I will give the necessary instructions immediately," cried Edward; "I will see Mr. Pearson about it to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Mr. Mason, fixing his eyes upon him with a grave and almost stern expression of countenance; "there is no to-morrow, sir, in a climate like this; both you and I may be inhabitants of another world before the close of another day. Till something better can be done, write a memorandum of your intentions, and have it attested before you close your eyes."

Edward promised to do so—took out his papers—reflected for a few moments how he should express himself—made a commencement—thought himself not quite well—he could do what he wished better after a night's rest. He threw down his pen, and retired to bed.

The next morning Edward's seat was vacant. Mr. Mason sent to his lodgings—he had been attacked with fever, and was even then in imminent danger. The best medical advice was procured, but in vain; in a few hours he breathed his last, and “to-morrow's” sun shone on his grave.





Oliner Kirby.

WE are commanded to "cast our bread upon the waters," in the firm assurance that, so far from its being lost, it shall be again found after many days. Certain it is that no good and kind action

is ever ultimately unrewarded. The result may, indeed, be very different from that which we anticipated, nor may we be liberal for the sake of the recompense only; but, as the grain springs from the seed which our hand has scattered upon the fertile bosom of the earth, repaying the husbandman for his toil, and giving bread to the eater, so shall the generous deed, though long buried in obscurity, fructify in darkness, and at last yield its fruits of increase, to bless and cheer the heart of him who wrought it, and of him who benefited by it.

It was late in the afternoon of a fine summer day, when a person respectably dressed presented himself at the door of a superior kind of cottage, inhabited by Oliver Kirby.

"Is your husband at home?" said he

to the good woman who had advanced to demand his business.

"He is," replied she; "he will be here in a few moments; he is only making himself tidy before he sits down to supper." Then, inviting the stranger in, she made a sign to one of her boys, who instantly placed a chair for him. Mrs. Kirby returned to the fire-place in the inner kitchen, to superintend her cooking, while the children, of whom there were six, stood looking, though without any rudeness, at the unexpected visitor.

"Shall I go and tell father he is wanted?" said the eldest boy, who with his next brother had returned from their daily employment on the few acres of land which their father occupied. Receiving an assent, he instantly disappeared, and quickly returning, was followed by Oli-

ver himself, as clean as pure water could make him, and as neat in appearance as the united care of himself and his wife could effect. Perceiving the stranger, who rose to meet him, he respectfully saluted him, and requested to know what he might want with him.

"I want nothing," replied he; "mine is a visit of pleasure rather than of business; but have you entirely forgotten me?" Oliver looked surprised. "No wonder," continued he, "that you do not know me; it would have been more extraordinary if you had recognized me, for you were little more than a child when I left this part of the country. Did you never hear your father speak of Philip Compton?"

"Many times," replied Oliver; "he was as fond of him as if he had been his

own brother, and loved to talk of him almost to the day of his death; you surely can't be he?"

"Indeed I am," returned the other; "years have told upon us both; if you had not resembled your father I should not have known you to be the sturdy little fellow who helped to carry my luggage, as we walked down the lane to meet the coach that was to take me away from all my friends; and who, for a keepsake, gave me a farthing with a hole bored through it, that I might fasten it to my watch-chain. But the alteration that is so easily seen by others, is often unsuspected by ourselves. We are surprised at the change we observe in another, and delude ourselves with the belief that we are still the same."

"But I recollect you perfectly now,"

said Oliver; "that look brings you at once to my memory. You were sad enough when you parted from us at the lane end; and the last look from any one, especially with children, is the longest remembered. I am very glad to see you again, and so would my poor father have been"—Oliver sighed; "but you are standing all this time; take a seat."

"And my supper, too," replied Compton, sitting down; "and a bed into the bargain, if you will allow me."

The prompt and hospitable reply was on the lip of Oliver, when a look from his wife recalled to his recollection that they had no accommodation proper to offer to a person of Compton's appearance. The glance had been perceived and understood by the latter. "Never trouble yourself, Mrs. Kirby," said he,

smiling; "I have been a traveller, and have roughed it too much to care about things which others, not situated like myself, think a good deal about. A clean bed, and a sincere welcome, are all I require. The first I am sure of, and I have no fear of your refusing the second. I can make myself at home, if you will let me. But I must get one of your boys to go to the inn, after supper, and fetch my portmanteau; it is but a small one, for I hardly knew when I started whether I should find you here or not."

Supper was served, the appetite of all was good, and the repast was a social and a happy one. When it was ended, the eldest boy was dispatched to the village, and Oliver and his guest entered into conversation. Compton was

minute in all his inquiries, and, as Oliver had nothing to conceal, he answered him without the slightest reserve.

"And your brother," said he, "where is he?"

"He lives close by," replied Oliver; "John has been a very lucky man; whatever he has put his hand to has turned out well; besides which, most of my father's property was entailed on him; he has a pretty little farm of his own, and a very neat house upon it. He has only two children and to these he is giving a very good education."

Oliver was about to say more of his brother, when the boy who had been dispatched to the inn returned with the unwelcome intelligence that the card attached to the portmanteau, and on which the direction was written, had

been taken off; and another passenger having left his trunk without a name, no one could ascertain which of the two belonged to Compton. The latter, therefore, insisted upon returning himself to the inn; and, taking the boy with him, he set off with a quick step for the village.

This gave Mrs. Kirby an opportunity of speaking to her husband, and entreating him to beg of his brother to receive Compton as his guest; so certain was she that they had nothing to make him as comfortable as, no doubt, he was accustomed to be. Oliver was himself of the same opinion, and on that account had the more easily yielded to Compton's desire that he should allow him to go alone to the village, as he determined to see his brother on the subject.

Without loss of time, therefore, he took his hat and set out in quest of John. Luckily, as he thought, he met him before he reached the house, and immediately made known to him his errand.

"I would not part with the man on any account," said Oliver, "if I had things proper about me, if it were only for our poor father's sake; but, as it is, I hope you will give him a bed at your house."

"Not I, indeed," replied John, turning on his heel; "what is he to me? I recollect nothing about him, except that he borrowed some money of our father."

"Which he faithfully repaid, and with interest too," said Oliver quickly.

"And so he ought," growled John; "there was nothing wonderful in that."

"It was more than father expected," said Oliver.

"What! not expect he should pay a lawful debt?" said John, with a look of surprise.

"No; not that he should pay the debt," replied Oliver, "but that he should pay the rate of interest he did. Father asked for 4l. per cent.; he insisted on paying 5l."

"So would any honest man," returned John; "there's nothing wonderful in that either."

Oliver saw he gained no ground, and he determined on making a direct attack on his brother. "Well, never mind about that," said he; "but do ask him to your house; mine really is not fit for him; and my wife, she's quite in a way about it."

"I can't help that," replied John; "so would mine be, I dare say, if I were to

bring him home to her. I don't often ask a friend of my own to pass a night with us, much less a man I don't know."

"But our poor father was so fond of him," pleaded Oliver, walking as fast as his brother, who was making rapid steps to his own gate.

"That might be," returned John, "but that's no reason why I should; perhaps he is come to borrow money again."

"I don't think it," said Oliver; "if that had been the case, he would not have come to me, John; besides, he is as well dressed as you are, and I know he travelled by coach, for my Tom is gone to fetch his portmanteau from the Dolphin."

"Then let him go back to the Dolphin," said John, "if your house is not good enough for him; he shan't come

to mine ; that I give both you and him to understand."

Oliver was now convinced that he could do nothing with his brother, and that it would be unwise to press the matter further ; he therefore returned no answer to this speech, and contented himself with expressing a hope that John would at least come and speak to his guest.

"I shall make no promises," said John, rudely ; "he's no acquaintance of mine ; and if he had staid till I sent for him, he would not have been here now."

These words were spoken as he closed his gate ; and, without wishing his brother good night, he entered his own yard.

Oliver reported to his wife the ill success of his embassy ; and his manner, as he did so, showed how much he was hurt. This was quite enough for Mrs. Kirby ;

her own cheerful alacrity to meet her husband's wishes at once returned; and seeing, moreover, that there was no escape, she made up her mind to do as well as she could, since she could not do as well as she would. A wise resolution, and one which would save much annoyance, and much discomfort, if it were more generally adopted.

As a spare bed was a luxury they did not possess, it required some little ingenuity to dispose of the members of the family, so as to accommodate Compton. Where there's a will, however, as Mrs. Kirby declared, there is a way; and, by taking some of the children into her own chamber, and claiming the help of a neighbor to receive her two eldest boys, a room and a bed were prepared for her visitor, so suitable to her own ideas of

propriety, that she could not help wishing that she could always boast of them.

While these preparations were going forward, Oliver and Compton, who had by this time returned from the village, sat enjoying themselves in the porch, which was made fragrant by the rich flowers of the woodbine that covered it.

"Say what you will," said Compton, looking round, and inhaling the sweet air that fluttered in the leaves with refreshing coolness, "there is no place after all like old England. I have seen much since I left it; but I return to it with increased admiration, and with a feeling that no other country has awakened."

"I have scarcely ever left my native place," said Oliver, "much less the kingdom, therefore I can venture no opinion on the subject; but this I may say,—I

love my country, and am thankful for all the comforts I enjoy in it: for the security bestowed on me by her laws; for the freedom I possess; and especially for a Church where I may worship God in purity; and where I may hope, by walking in its precepts and doctrines, to lead a life that may not disgrace one whom she calls her son, nor cause her to grudge him a resting-place, at his death, among the good and faithful whose ashes she protects."

"Well said, Oliver," returned Compton; "there is pleasure, and comfort too, in the hope of being gathered to our fathers in our death, how far soever we may have been separated from them in life. I have felt this many times when I was abroad; and I am not ashamed to say that the thought of that church-

yard, and of those whose remains repose in it, has answered as a sermon to me in places where the word of God but seldom reached my ears. But tell me the truth, Oliver,—you don't seem to be pressed down with the weight of this world's good things, and your family is large, does not John's better condition sometimes give you an uneasy feeling?"

"Never," replied he, warmly; "Heaven be praised, I do not know what envy is. I have always felt that God has appointed our conditions, for you know 'It is He who putteth down one, and setteth up another;' and what He appoints must be best. There are times when I have to struggle with myself, for things will sometimes go cross with me: but then come better thoughts; and, feeling how little I deserve, and

how much more I yet possess than many others, it is not often that I go to bed with a sad heart, and never, I hope, with an unthankful one."

Oliver said no more of himself than was true; he had, indeed, no envy at his brother's superior position in life, nor any craving desire for money either for himself or his family. He owned that the height of his ambition was to have a cottage of his own; and could he but pay off the mortgage which encumbered the little piece of land which his father had bequeathed him, he should not have another wish. This would enable him to give his eldest boy a better education than he could give him now, with justice to the others: the lad was clever, and deserved encouragement; but the little he had to spare for schooling

must be shared equally between him and his brothers and sisters. However, he was well content with affairs as they stood; his children were very tractable, and one way or other they managed to pick up a tolerable stock of learning. They were all healthy; and if he had not the property of John, he had other comforts that made up for it; and he was sure, if the balance could be struck between him and his brother as to happiness, it would be found, he really thought, in his own favour.

Compton listened with deep interest to every thing that Kirby said; and each seemed better pleased with the other as their acquaintance improved. Compton was very agreeable in his manner; he was full of anecdote, and spoke much and sensibly of the countries in which

he had sojourned. There is a charm in the conversation of those who have visited foreign lands that few can resist; nor is the consciousness of this, perhaps, an unlooked-for recompense, even in the midst of dangers and difficulties, of hardships and hazards. Certain it is that such relations are drunk in with greedy ear by most—by the youthful listener especially, often awakening in him the first desire for similar adventures, and stamping the future pursuit of life. Compton had passed many years at the Cape of Good Hope; he could talk of “south-westerners”—of their violence and continuance; of the beauty of the climate, and its exhilarating effects on the constitution; of the red dust of Cape Town, that powdered his clothes almost to spoiling them. He had settled near Graham’s

Town, and could talk of Kafir depredations; of flames at midnight, and of slaughtered men by day. Then, varying the subject, he would give instances of redeeming qualities in the Kafir character. "If you cannot teach them honesty," he said, "you can make them feel a kindness; if they are cunning, they are not ungrateful; and, under all circumstances, God has not denied to them what he has given to his more civilized creatures—natural affections, which can be reached as quickly and as vividly in them as in others."

"It was a pretty speech reported to me as spoken by one of the Kafirs," said he, "on the occasion of a great meeting lately, in which the band of one of our regiments was playing some fine air. 'How could you leave a country where

there is music like this?" said the savage; 'it makes me think of my mother,' and his dark eyes were full of tears."

The whole family could have listened till midnight to discourse like this; not an eye was withdrawn from the speaker; and the boys in particular were almost afraid to breathe, lest they should lose a word. No pleasure, however, may last for ever; rest was necessary; and that rest, happily, was sanctified by the fervent though simple prayers of the master of this humble but worthy household.

The next morning Compton expressed himself so much pleased with the reception he had met with, and with the family generally, that he begged to prolong his visit another day.

"Remain with us as long as you please," said Oliver; "we did our best

yesterday to make all things as comfortable as we could, for my poor father's sake; we will do the same to-day, for your own."

They had scarcely finished breakfast when John entered. Compton expressed pleasure at seeing him, and told him that he had intended paying him a visit in the course of the morning.

"I thought you might be so disposed," said John, "and that was my reason for coming here so early. I am going to Sudbrook, and shall not return till quite late in the evening." Was this done purposely or not?—Oliver did not like to answer the question even to himself.

No intimation of a wish to see the stranger at his house, or a regret that he was not likely to do so, followed; nor was his manner very gracious. Comp-

ton, however, seemed to take no notice of it; he was quite at his ease, and was so agreeable that even some of John's churlishness had disappeared before he left.

Compton remained not only that day, but the day following. So completely had he ingratiated himself in the favour of this single-hearted family, that one and all united in a wish that, if he were not tired of them, and could put up with the accommodation they had to offer him, he would not think of leaving them for a day or two longer.

Compton heard them with evident pleasure. "I thank you very much," said he to Oliver, "but I must stay no longer with you now. The purport of my visit is accomplished; I had many motives for wishing to see both you and

your brother, and to be my own judge as to many circumstances connected with you. Now listen to me, Oliver. It was by your dear father's kindness that I was enabled to settle at the Cape; he lent me upwards of 100*l.*—a great sum out of his little capital; but we had been attached to each other from boys, and a blessing, peculiar to itself, seemed to follow the loan. Every thing I undertook, after a while, succeeded. I worked very hard, but my labour was rewarded; my capital increased, my flocks were healthy, and my condition became respectable. You have, therefore, a strong claim upon me. I say *you*, for I feel released from any claim that John might have had upon me; he has enough."

"I have no claim whatever," cried Oliver; "you paid my father honourably

and punctually, and you paid him, too, more than he asked or expected."

"Perhaps so," said Compton; "but what I did in that instance was an act of simple honesty and justice; had I done less, I had been neither honourable nor grateful. But this close measuring of favours conferred and favours repaid is not after my fancy, or my notions of right. I received a kindness from your father, and that kindness I will return, as Providence has enabled me to do. I worked, indeed, almost night and day till I could repay your father; that done, justice satisfied, I determined if possible to be generous, or rather, I would say, considerate, as he had been. For this purpose, as my affairs prospered, I laid by a yearly sum till it amounted to that which he had originally lent

me, depositing also the interest as it accumulated. By this means I have in no degree injured my own family, and in resigning it neither they nor I can feel a loss. Here is a cheque for the money; buy your cottage, clear your land, and may the blessing of Him, 'whose is the whole earth, and the fulness thereof,' attend it.—No, not a word; (for Oliver would have spoken) give me your hand, and when hereafter you speak of me to your children, inculcate the same precept on them which you have so properly observed yourself, and say, 'Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.'"





Fear to Fall.

"I SHOULD be very sorry, Mr. Bridges, to contradict you," said James Addison, "for you must know better than I; but still I must own I cannot in any way reconcile to my mind St. Peter's conduct

in denying our Saviour. It is one of the strangest facts, in my opinion, recorded in the whole Bible. It was so mean, so cowardly, so ungrateful, and so unnatural too, that I cannot comprehend it altogether."

"We are not required to comprehend, nor are we allowed to sit in judgment upon every thing we meet with in the Bible," replied Mr. Bridges, who was a confidential servant at the head of the establishment of Mrs. Marriott, a widow lady of high respectability and fortune, and to whose service the young man who had thus addressed him was attached: "much, as you may recollect, is written for our instruction, much for our warning, nothing to satisfy our curiosity merely, or to teach us to be judges of our fellow-creatures; the failures of

others must serve as beacons to ourselves to avoid the paths into which they had been betrayed, not as means to provoke our censure, and lower our estimation of their general character."

"I am quite aware of that," said James; "but we cannot help having our private feelings on certain parts of the Scriptures, and especially on individuals. As I said before, I should be ashamed to contradict you; but I must repeat, I cannot understand how St. Peter could behave as he did."

"To speak out fairly," replied Mr. Bridges, "you think, I dare say, that you would not have done as he did if you had been in his place."

"I should not like," returned James, "to go so far as that; but it was very strange—that you must allow. To think

how kind his Lord had all along been to him, how he himself had promised to be faithful to his Master, and how severely he felt even the suspicion of his being found worse than his word; and then to be ashamed of that Master, and terrified at a few servants like ourselves, so as to forget all the respect he owed him—it is wonderful. The case would have been different, too, if he had not before openly declared him to be the expected Christ; if he had not been an eye-witness of his miracles, and of the truth of his word; and still more, if he had not been earnestly warned of the very offence he so soon after committed.”

“Very true,” replied Mr. Bridges, “St. Peter’s fall *is* wonderful; and it is still more, it is awful, and ought to teach all to distrust themselves. No one knows him-

self, nor can answer for his conduct under all circumstances. It is best therefore to be sparing in our censure of others, whilst, putting our trust in God, we keep constant guard over ourselves. Of one thing we may be quite sure, that we are never in half so much danger as when we think ourselves most safe; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, you and every one else will find it quite as easy to imitate St. Peter as to condemn him."

It was on the Wednesday evening in Passion Week, in the year 1848, that the foregoing conversation took place. The Gospel of the day, which records the fall of St. Peter, had been selected by Mrs. Marriott, who, previous to prayers, was accustomed to read a chapter either in the Old or New Testament. She had been travelling for the last

month, with one of her daughters who was an invalid; and having arrived at N—— on the Saturday evening previous to the commencement of that holy season, she determined to remain stationary for the next ten days or a fortnight. She was the more willing to prolong her stay, as the assizes were approaching, and she hoped to meet some old and valued friends among the gentlemen of the bar who might attend the circuit, her late husband having been eminent in the law. Nor was she disappointed. Mr. Langton, one of the Queen's counsel, accompanied by his wife, arrived, and engaged apartments in the same hotel with herself. The servants, of course, were thrown much in each other's society. James had met them before; he had formerly been intimate with the footman,

whose name was William; and was by him introduced to many others, the place being full of company.

James was a very well-disposed youth, and the greatest attention had been paid to his morals, both by his parents and by Mrs. Marriott, who made the religious instruction of her servants a point of duty. He had been confirmed since he entered her service, and had been regular in his attendance on all occasions at Church, not only because his mistress would not allow him to be otherwise, but because he considered it his duty to be so. As he had never been in a court of justice, he had a great desire to witness a trial; which being made known to Mr. Bridges, he obtained the necessary leave for him, and William undertook to accompany him and get a good seat for him.

On the day previous to the trial, the judges attended divine service in the Cathedral. The next morning William and James made their way into the court; the same young men were waiting at the door for them, and all entered together. As it was rather late, the business of the day had been begun some time. The trial was interesting, the whole scene novel, and James's attention was soon entirely engrossed. When the case had been gone through, one of the witnesses, whose evidence was considered as important, was recalled, and subjected by the counsel for the accused to a very severe cross-examination. A little bustle in the court near where he was sitting had prevented James from hearing what was at first passing; but on order being again established, and the obstruction removed which

had prevented him from seeing or hearing the witness alluded to, what was his astonishment to behold in him his own father, a simple-minded honest countryman, and to him, his son, the kindest of parents. At first his evidence was as clear as possible; but after a little while he became perplexed and embarrassed by the questions proposed to him, grew quite confused, and at length returned answers that excited the commiserating smile of some, and the undisguised ridicule of others. William and his friends were exceedingly amused, for it requires but a very shallow understanding to be sensible of the mistakes of another, and to take delight in exposing them. James listened to his companions in the greatest distress, and his situation became every moment more painful.

"You say you have lived in the parish of Hilton, near the city of —, a great many years. What do you mean by a great many years?" demanded the persevering counsel.

"Hilton, near —," whispered William to James, "why, that is the place where you were born, and where all your friends live; do you know him?"

Happily for James, a fresh burst of laughter made an answer, if he had even attempted to give one, unnecessary. His situation, however, began to be intolerable, and he heartily wished himself out of court; but this was at present impossible; and his countenance evinced so much uneasiness, that it attracted the notice of his party.

"Upon my word, I believe he *does* know him," said one of them to Wil-

liam; "and I really think he is not very unlike him in the face." He bent forward to James, "I say, isn't that old fellow some relation to you? At all events you know him, don't you?"

O! for the stretched-out hand to save us when, virtue and courage and faith failing, we begin to sink into the waters of sin beneath our feet. O! how narrow the boundary between the step which must plunge us into guilt and misery, and that which, quickly retraced, may yet preserve our innocence. The fluctuations of colour on the cheek of James betrayed the agitation he was suffering. William twitched him by the elbow, and repeated the question.

"What should I know of him?" replied he.

"You *do* know him," returned Wil-

liam, confidently. He did not in reality believe what he said; but he saw he was annoying James, and a love of mischief made him persist in his assertion. He fixed his keen eye on him, and again touched him.

"I don't," said James, hastily; "be quiet."

The next moment the attention of all was attracted to another witness, by the counsel, and James's tormentors ceased; but who now so wretched as himself! He was at once ashamed of what he had done, and full of dread lest the truth should be discovered. He made sure that they should encounter his father as they left the court, for his mind was so bewildered that he saw himself and his party alone amidst all that crowd by which he was surrounded, and, though

most unlikely to be the case, he felt certain that his father had recognized him and would seek him.

Full of these apprehensions, he obeyed the motion of William to make the best of their way out of the court. As he pressed forward he started at every voice, and shrunk in terror from every casual touch of his own person. His fears, however, proved groundless; and he reached the hotel without being either accosted, or, as he knew, recognized by any one. He could not, however, fly from his own reproaches. Self-convicted and miserable, his countenance would have betrayed that all was not right to any one less interested in him than Mr. Bridges. That good friend immediately questioned him as to the cause; nor had he any occasion to urge him to conceal

nothing from him. He gladly unburthened his heart of the load that oppressed it, concealing nothing nor sparing himself in any degree. "If any one," said he, when he had concluded his narrative, "had told me that I could have acted in this manner, I would not have believed it; and never shall I reflect on my conduct without shame and without remorse."

Mr. Bridges paused a moment before he made any reply; then looking gravely at him, and pressing his hand on his arm, he said significantly, "Let fellow-feeling now teach you, not only the bitterness of repentance, but the force of circumstances on a weak though amiable nature. Remember St. Peter."



Ethel Bulkely.

“YOU have heard of the two sad accidents that occurred during the storm last evening, I suppose?” said Mr. Spencer to a lady whom he was attending professionally.

"To what do you allude?" asked Mrs. Bulkeley. "I am not aware of any accident."

"I am surprised at that," replied he; "Poor Jackson, at whose bedside you and I so often met last winter, was killed as he was driving the cows into the yard to be milked; and the driver of the express was either struck by the lightning, or had a fit, for he fell from the box suddenly, and the wheel going over his head he was taken up dead."

"How very sorry I am to hear it!" said Mrs. Bulkeley.

"And so am I," returned Mr. Spencer; "very sorry; for both were married men; and Jackson, as we well know, has a large family."

The news of Jackson's melancholy death soon spread throughout the family,

and great was the regret expressed at it, for he was much respected by all. When the school hours were over, Ethel, the only daughter of Mrs. Bulkeley, joined her mother in the sitting room. The conversation almost immediately turned upon "poor Jackson."

"I have been thinking a great deal about him," said Ethel; "I could not get him out of my mind all school-time, —nor the poor driver too. How very shocking his death is, mamma, isn't it?"

"Very, indeed," replied Mrs. Bulkeley; "and how truly does the death of both show us the necessity of being always prepared for an hour that *must* come eventually, and which *may* come in a moment, and quite unexpected!"

"I was not thinking so much about *that*," replied Ethel; "but there is some-

thing, mamma, that puzzles me very much."

"Can I throw any light on your difficulty?" asked Mrs. Bulkeley.

"Yes, dear mamma, I dare say you can," returned Ethel:—then, looking earnestly at her, she said, "Is it a proof of God's anger against persons, when they come to such shocking and untimely deaths? I am so afraid, if it is, that Jackson deceived us, and was not such a good man as he seemed to be. And the driver of the coach, do you know what sort of a character he was?"

"I know nothing of the driver," replied Mrs. Bulkeley; "and I am not in the least apprehensive that Jackson was other than he appeared to be. You may set your mind at rest on that point. As to such deaths being a proof of God's

anger against individuals, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not know a single text in Scripture which would warrant the conclusion; but I know many that warn us, in the strongest terms, from imputing peculiar sin to our neighbour, and thereby deeming them marked objects of the Divine vengeance; and as to the expression *untimely*, I question if it can be properly maintained."

"Why not, mamma?" said Ethel. "I mean by *untimely*, when persons who are young, or healthy, die suddenly or by accident."

"I understand you," replied Mrs. Bulkeley. "But who, my dear child, may dare to pronounce any death *untimely*? That which may appear such in our eyes, may be the very reverse in His sight to whom all things are manifest. Long life with

Him is not length of years, but continuance in virtue. He then may behold one ripe for immortality who to us seems only to have entered upon existence; and the death that we deem premature and untimely may be proof of a warfare accomplished, a victory won, a race fully and honourably run."

"I know one of the texts to which you allude," said Ethel; "I thought of it myself. You mean the answer our Saviour made to his disciples when they told him that Pilate had slain some Galileans while they were offering their sacrifices."

"I do so," returned Mrs. Bulkeley: "repeat it."

"Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you,

may: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"Then surely your question is answered," said Mrs. Bulkeley; "and like fearful visitations are to be considered by us as *warnings*—this is our duty; as judgments in the case of others we are forbidden to look upon them, lest the law of Christian charity be broken or infringed upon."

There was a pause. The expression of Ethel's countenance betrayed to her mother that she had failed of conveying the impression she desired. "You are not satisfied, my dear," said she.

"I am not, mamma," answered Ethel; "I am puzzled yet. You recollect the death of the wicked king of Israel: 'A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king.' Now don't you

suppose many thought at the time that was an *accident* only; and yet we are certain that God directed the flight of the arrow, and that it was a direct judgment from heaven?"

"Certainly, it *was* an undoubted judgment," replied Mrs. Bulkeley; "but there is a wide difference between the case of Ahab and that of others to which you allude. The Almighty, by his prophet, had openly pronounced that monarch's doom, and his death was the fulfilment of a recorded threat."

"But suppose the driver was a very bad character—a drinking man, perhaps," returned Ethel; "might I not think his death was a judgment upon him?"

"No, Ethel, no," replied Mrs. Bulkeley; "even in the case of a known sinner we must repress such an opinion;

his death ought to be a warning to those whose habits resemble his; but we should not be justified in ascribing it to the immediate vengeance of God. No such death can take place without His permission, indeed; but we must never presume to make our thoughts His thoughts, and prescribing rules for His dealings with us, confound mercy with justice, partial evil and universal good. When the Lord passed before Elijah, where did the prophet discern him? Not in the whirlwind, not in the earthquake, nor yet in the fire—these were the precursors of his presence, the warnings of his approach; but in '*the still small voice.*' It is to that voice speaking in our hearts that we must listen. The awful demonstrations of His power are well calculated to awaken our awe and insure our

reverence, and thereby prepare us for the gentler display of His goodness. We must fear the vengeance that could consume us in a moment, and which assuredly will consume the impenitent sinner eventually; but, turning our attention from another to our own hearts, and applying the words of our blessed Saviour to ourselves: '*What is that to thee? follow thou me.*' We must depart from our own evil ways, and love and adore the mercy and goodness that invites us to trust in Him, and seeks to win us from the paths of destruction to those which lead to Himself."

"But you never can mean to say, mamma," replied Ethel, "that I, or any one else, would be equally safe in a thunderstorm or any other danger, whether we were righteous or wicked, whether

we were engaged in a good or bad act or undertaking?"

"Undoubtedly not," returned Mrs. Bulkeley; "but you are diverging from the point: conscience may justly interpret that as judgment to ourselves, which we are forbidden to pronounce as judgment to another. However, to answer you according, I dare say, to your meaning:—there is a wide difference at all times between the upright and the wicked, in favour of the former. God's especial care and providence are promised on His own unchangeable word to the faithful, and more especially when they are in the performance of their duty; and although, for purposes which may never be made manifest to us here, He allows fatal accidents to occur to His best servants, we may be assured He has in no degree falsi-

fied His word. That event which may seem most lamentable to others, may be to the individual himself a blessing and a reward, a gentle translation from a world of sorrow to a state of bliss; for you must recollect we judge at all times only by partial instances of the Divine government, which are apt on that very account to mislead us; and that in all probability we should form very different conclusions if we could behold the whole wise system at once. But cases like these are not without their monitory voices, even to the most virtuous; they warn them to beware, even under the most favourable circumstances, of presumptuously depending on the Divine goodness, and making that obligatory on the part of God, which is the effect only of His free mercy and goodness."

Ethel's countenance began to clear. "O I was never afraid," said she, "that God would neglect those who love Him; but I should like to know more. You are not tired of talking to me, are you, mamma?"

"I should strangely forget my duty if I were," replied Mrs. Bulkeley. "No, Ethel, it is sweet to a mother to attempt ever to make clear the ways of God to her child, and to vindicate the honour of Him who is the guardian of them both. If, then, the righteous may not dare to claim the Divine protection as his right, it must be quite clear that the unrighteous must forfeit it by his sin. When, therefore, we offend against our known duty, when we engage in a pursuit which we cannot justify to our conscience, we have cause to dread that the

fiery bolt, the raging wave, or the trembling earth, may be instruments in His hand of punishment to us, and that He may make us warnings to others, since we contemned similar warnings to ourselves."

"Do you remember what papa said to Horace, when he went that time to skate by himself, and had nearly been drowned?" asked Ethel; "our conversation reminds me of it."

"I think I do," replied Mrs. Bulkeley; "but repeat it if you can."

"Horace," said papa, "it was my will when I first took you upon the ice, and I considered it as for your good; I therefore held you by the hand, and I guarded you from every danger which you could neither have discerned nor avoided. You returned safe and invigor-

ated by the exercise; and I was so pleased with your behaviour, that I was preparing a new and more honourable trial for you. You chose, however, to go to the lake without my permission, proud of your success; you apparently disdained my supporting hand and experienced eye; you rushed into danger, and but for timely interference you would have lost your life. So men act by their heavenly Father, and so through their own rashness and misconduct perish."

"You have very correctly remembered your father's words," said Mrs. Bulkeley.

"O, Horace and I have often repeated them to each other since," returned Ethel. "But, mamma, the case was different with poor Jackson; he *was* doing his duty."

"I grant it," said Mrs. Bulkeley, "and

therefore I remind you of what I before said respecting accidents that befall good persons."

"But his wife and eldest son," said Ethel doubtfully; "might not his death be a punishment on them; they are not what he was?"

"Probably not," returned her mother, "and we must pray that they may profit by the sad event, which I again repeat is a warning to them, a call to repentance, and not a judgment upon them. Ever recollect, my dear child, that God does not act like us from a single motive. His purposes are as various as they are wise and merciful; and let it be your earnest study to discover on all occasions His intentions towards yourself, and to meet and fulfil them. The blow that strikes the sinner or the

righteous, conveys, in each case, a lesson to all whose knowledge it reaches. If it warns the wicked to repent, it rouses the faithful to increased vigilance; if it causes the mourner's tears to fall, it calls forth an humble and dutiful submission to a superior will; if it deprives the widow and the orphan of their accustomed support, it kindles the generous sympathy of the liberal, and makes charity to abound. In all and every instance God speaks to the heart of each; happy are they, therefore, who hear and understand aright His meaning."

When Ethel came that evening to wish her mother "good night," she lingered by her side.

"What is it you want, my love?" asked Mrs. Bulkeley.

"Mamma," said Ethel, "you said this

morning that it is our duty to find out what God speaks to ourselves when fatal accidents befall others. I have been trying to do so; here is my purse with the money that was given me on my birthday, may I send it to poor Jackson's family?"

Mrs. Bulkeley pressed her to her heart. "Certainly you may," answered she; then looking fondly at her she feelingly said, "Surely there is mercy in the afflictive blow, when it points to obedience and Christian feeling as its fruits."



A Stitch in Time.

IT is a beautiful feeling which connects the superior with the inferior, and binds the interests and the pleasures of both into one. We talk of the envy and discontent that pervade certain classes, and

we deplore their effects; but surely it is far more congenial to the spirit of charity to dwell on the mutual goodwill, the genuine sympathy, that unite the great with the humble, the aristocratic peer with the industrious occupier of his lands. Woe be to them who attempt to disturb this happy understanding; to them who would pluck up by the roots some of the sweetest flowers that adorn the wide field of human society, and plant in their stead the bramble and the briar, the thistle and the thorn!

“Not know what the bells are ringing for so merrily, young gentleman?” exclaimed a neat old woman, her silver hair combed smoothly on her forehead, and her cap and handkerchief and apron as white as the drifted snow, her dim

eyes at the same time lighting up with the brightness of former days; "Not know what the bells are ringing for? You must be a stranger indeed to these parts to ask such a question. Isn't it because the young lord is come of age to-day; and arn't my lord and lady so happy about it, and every one belonging to them happy too? Go to the park yourself to-day—any one may go that likes, and see the grand doings, and then ask again, if you can, why the bells ring so merrily and every body looks so pleased."

Whether the stranger followed the advice given him is of no present moment: had he been the emperor of all the Russias he would have been no "Lion" that day; nor would any one have cared to know how he meant to dispose of himself. There were plenty who need-

ed no urging to make one of the joyous party, and who would not have waived their privilege in favour of the great Czar himself. Among these were Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter, Mary, who, having accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Foreman, her brother and sister-in-law, to be present on the occasion, were now on their way to Mereswell. The anxious mother, who had her daughter's proper appearance as much at heart as her enjoyment of the pleasures of the day, and who was but too well acquainted with that daughter's foible, took the opportunity, as they rode along, to impress upon her mind the wise instructions she gave her—instructions which were quickened by the sound of the bells, and the increasing concourse of persons on the road.

"Now Mary," said she; "mind what I am going to say to you. You know your father has given his consent that you should remain with your aunt and uncle for the next two or three days, should they invite you; and this I am pretty sure they will do." Mary's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and her imagination furnished her with images of delight by no means favourable to the serious attention expected from her. "I shall probably have no opportunity of speaking to you alone, for I must go back this evening. I have looked over your clothes very carefully, and I am sure there is nothing wanting—there is not a stitch awry, but you may meet with an accident, and something may give way. I have brought very few things with me, for I should not like to

have it thought that I intended you should be asked to stay; be careful then, that you take a needle at once, and repair whatever is amiss—a hole in your stockings, or a slit in your petticoat, would give you a very untidy appearance, and would be a great mortification to me if I should hear of it. Remember then, once for all, what I believe I have a thousand times repeated—‘a stitch in time saves nine.’”

Poor Mary could not boast of having a very good memory, but it must have been bad indeed not to have retained the oft-repeated adage; but alas! it had hitherto, as her mother observed, “come in at one ear and gone out at the other:” certainly it had made no practical impression upon her; for, if the truth be spoken, it would have been no easy mat-

ter to have found a little girl who had profited less by the repetition of a maxim, of which daily experience in her own person proved the right application.

As Mrs. Maxwell anticipated, Mary received a kind and pressing invitation to remain for at least two days longer. A succession of festivities had been announced, and a dance on the lawn, fireworks, and nobody knew what besides, were to crown the whole. O what a happy day was Tuesday! There were games and races, cricket matches, archery parties, with all that was luxurious and delightful in the way of refreshments. Even Mrs. Maxwell lamented that she was obliged to resist the entreaties of her sister to remain longer, and departed with regret, but not without again reminding Mary of the value of the "stitch in time."

The only thing that Mary had required was a pair of gloves. She had her mother's permission to purchase these; and accordingly she and one of her cousins sallied forth early in the morning for the purpose. The prettiest and almost the only pair she could procure, (for the fête at Mereswell Park had considerably reduced Mr. Scott's stock, not only of gloves, but of almost every other article of apparel,) was a little too small for her. However, by means of stretching, breathing into them, turning down the tops whilst the fingers were carefully drawn into the parts designed for them, the whole hand was inserted, and it was the unanimous opinion of all that they would "do" very well indeed. The stitches on the thumb alone gave way; but this was of no consequence, it would not take a

minute to repair the injury, and her aunt offered her a needle and silk the moment she was shown what had happened. But Mary had no occasion to be indebted to any one for such implements, her careful mother having already provided her with them. She ran up stairs, and had put on her thimble, when the sound of carriages attracted her to the window. Thus amused, the gloves were forgotten, and when her uncle in a loud voice bade them all "be quick," as he was nearly ready to go, Mary had to use double dispatch to dress herself in time.

The day was warm, and Mary was in trepidation lest she should detain her uncle. She drew on her gloves in haste, and the few stitches which had given way previously, now made a rapid retreat, and left a wide breach between the

thumb and the palm of the hand, which threatened to extend itself still further. Was ever any thing so tiresome? And now, to make bad worse, she recollected that the sandal of her shoe had come unstitched the evening before—what must she do? She had not a moment to spare—she seized a pin, secured the ribbon, ran down stairs, and was seated by her aunt in a moment. Fearful, however, of her glove being seen, she took great care to keep her hand out of sight, well aware that Mrs. Foremán would be much vexed at her neglect.

One of the principal amusements of this day was a rowing match on the lake, which was of great extent and beauty. Great numbers of persons were, as might be expected, congregated on its bank, near which seats were provided.

Mary would have liked to be on the water, or at least to go to the island, where a tent was pitched, and a band of music placed: but this was a gratification which was not likely to be afforded her, for it was said to be confined to members only of the family. She and her aunt, however, occupied an excellent situation; and all that was to be seen, was seen by them to the best advantage.

Thus engaged, neither of them perceived the approach of Lady Leslie. Mrs. Foreman started from her seat when her ladyship addressed her, and made an apology for not having seen her. With all the urbanity of polished manners, and with the sincerity of a sweet disposition, her ladyship begged of her not to distress herself, and to be

again seated, "and if you have room," added she, "I will take a place by you." Mary so near Lady Leslie as to touch her dress! She could scarcely believe that she was not in a dream. She stole a look at her, in which a sentiment almost of awe was expressed, and she listened to the gentle tones of her voice with growing confidence and admiration. Mr. Foreman held one of the largest farms under Lord Leslie, and both he and his wife were much respected by the family; Mrs. Foreman, in particular, often came in contact with her ladyship, as she took an active part both with the poor and in the schools.

After a few general observations, Lady Leslie's attention was drawn to Mary, whose appearance, in truth, was greatly in her favour, for she was remarkably

pretty, and, thanks to her mother, was dressed in a very becoming and simple manner.

"And whom have we here?" asked her ladyship, looking at Mary with evident pleasure.

"My niece, Mrs. Maxwell's daughter," replied Mrs. Foreman.

Lady Leslie smiled pleasantly upon her. "I make no doubt," said she, "you would be kind enough to fetch my parasol. I left it on that bench."

Mary needed no second request; she sprang from her seat and almost instantly returned with the parasol.

"I am very much obliged to you," said her ladyship, extending her hand; "but look, my dear, the sandal of your shoe is unfastened. You had better secure it, or it may throw you down."

The colour rushed to Mary's cheek and she immediately stooped to the ground. There was no need to offer her a pin as the only means of securing it, had the idea presented itself to either of them, for, as she was hastily tucking the string into her shoe, the pin she had formerly used for the purpose was visible both to her aunt and Lady Leslie; while, as the most provoking ill-luck would have it, the rent in her glove, which she had managed to conceal by awkwardly presenting the parasol to her ladyship with her left hand, was displayed. Mrs. Foreman cast an angry glance at her, whilst Lady Leslie, compassionating her evident confusion, and not knowing, of course, what had before passed, sought to relieve her by not seeming to have observed either circumstance.

"There is my son," said she, pointing to a gentleman who was stepping into a boat near them. "I dare say that both your niece and daughter, Mrs. Foreman, would like to go on the island;" and without waiting for a reply, she pronounced aloud the name of Lord Mereswell. He was before her in an instant. "You are going to the island, probably," said she; "take charge of these young ladies, who, I understand, have a desire to see it."

Poor Mary was almost overwhelmed with such an honour; but what was her vexation, when, on giving her hand to Lord Mereswell, who had extended his own to assist her to enter the boat, the eyes of both fell on the now nearly severed thumb of her glove! She could have wept with mortification; and the

more so as she was aware, whether he saw it or not, that a piece of her sandal was hanging out of her shoe. But for this she would have been charmed with the polite attention paid her on this short voyage; as it was, she was ill at her ease, and was tormented with the thought that she must land, and that the severed thumb must be again displayed. She avoided this, however, by quickly jumping from the vessel to the land; and a compliment from his lordship on her activity made her forget her past uneasiness, and enabled her to enjoy the pleasures that awaited her.

On their return home, Mrs. Foreman expressed in strong terms her displeasure at the neglect of Mary, assuring her that if she were not ashamed of the untidy appearance she had made, she herself

felt it a disgrace. "Lady Leslie has kindly invited us to-morrow, the last day of the fête, and the grandest," said she; "the fireworks in the evening will be beautiful, I understand; and that we may take no cold, she has desired us to join a party in one of the rooms in the hall. I was told that other amusements are in contemplation; and from the manner in which her ladyship spoke, I am sure she intends that we should share in them."

"But my frock, aunt?" said Mary doubtfully; "I have but this one."

"Your frock shall be washed," replied her aunt; "a clean muslin always looks well, and I will myself give you a sash."

Mary was full of thanks, the frock was washed, the sash bought, as was also another pair of gloves; and antici-

pation beat as high in the bosom of Mary as in that of many of her superiors on the eve of a first presentation. When her frock was taken into her bedroom, she indulged herself with a survey of it, and, to try the effect, laid the sash upon it. It more than answered her expectations. O how she wished the evening was come! Would Lady Leslie, would Lord Mereswell, take any notice of her? She flattered herself they would; her dress was very pretty, and she would take great pains with her hair. All of a sudden it occurred to her that she had stepped upon her frock as she was going up stairs the evening before, and that one of the tucks had slightly given way. She had intended to mend it before it went to be washed, but the servant had taken it away sooner than

she expected. Not more than two inches were unsewn, and this could be of no consequence, as the starch, and it was beautifully stiff, would hold the parts together as well as thread could do: at all events she would not run the risk of crumpling her dress now, it was so charmingly smooth.

Evening came, Mary was dressed, and never before had she been so well satisfied with her appearance. It was not late when they left home; but she fancied it was; she was certain the horse went only a snail's gallop; and the excitement expressed on the countenance of many who passed them, or whom they overtook, communicated itself to her own heart, and made it beat with a rapidity hitherto unknown to her. As they approached the hall the carriages

were more numerous, and every delay made Mary not only more impatient, but awakened apprehensions that, numerous as were the apartments in the noble mansion they were about to enter, there might not be room left for themselves. At length they reached the steps at the entrance, they stopped, the door was opened by one of the splendidly dressed attendants; out bounded her cousin; still more eagerly out sprang Mary after her. Alas! alas! the toe of her shoe was caught in the tuck, a large rent followed, and it was well for her that such was the case, for it broke her fall, which otherwise might have been serious. She was, however, thrown forward with such force, that, striking her face upon one of the steps, she was instantly covered with blood. It was soon ascertained

that she had received no material injury; but though the bleeding at her nose was soon stopped, her frock was in such a state, that no alternative was left but to return in the same carriage in which she had been brought. Poor Mary! what disappointment could be equal to hers! With what different feelings did she enter her aunt's house from those which affected her when she quitted it!

Alarmed at her speedy reappearance, and at her being alone,—for her aunt and uncle had seen no reason why they should deprive themselves or their daughter of pleasure by returning with her,—the old servant of the family demanded the cause.

“O Miss!” cried she; “what has happened? you are all over blood!”

“That's of no consequence,” exclaimed

Mary; "but to be so disappointed! I have had a fall, Rachael—the tuck of my frock—that stupid tuck which—"

"Which I heard you say last night you were going to mend," said Rachael, shaking her head. "O Miss, Miss, the tuck has not been to blame. What a pity it is that you did not remember your mother's last words, and let a stitch in time have saved you from all this!"



Mrs. Gibson.

It was a just but severe rebuke which fell from the lips of one reverend in wisdom and in years, and addressed to a lady who was notorious for censoriousness: "Madam, you have the curse of

all curses in your head—the curse of an evil tongue:” for whether it be considered in its effects upon the happiness of others, or the misery it entails upon its possessor, few propensities are more to be dreaded and avoided than this. Alas for human infirmity! that the taming of the wild beast, the management of the fiery steed, or the guidance of the state-ly vessel, should be an easier task than the bridling of that member, which, unruly as our sinful nature has made it, is yet the best we have, and was assuredly given us for our own glory and for the praise of God!

On the confines of Devonshire, towards the north, lies one of the prettiest villages that the sun in its wide career smiles upon. Hill and dale, wood and stream, diversify its scenery, and leave little for

the admiring eye to desire. Nor are its inhabitants unworthy of the advantages of their situation; less vice and more general rectitude of conduct are not to be found in any hamlet of its size in the kingdom. Yet lovely as it is, and happy and virtuous as are still the race that people it, it once owned a scourge which was felt by all in turn.

That scourge, the dread alike of young and old, was a Mrs. Gibson, the widow of a respectable farmer, who, having now little to do herself, made it her business to interest herself in every other person's concerns. No one did right in her eyes; she had "a crow to pluck" in every house: defects that were scarcely visible to others were to her glaring and inexcusable. Notwithstanding that she spared nobody, and prided herself upon her can-

dour, she had yet a cowardly way of attacking a person, that was more provoking than any other she could have adopted. Having dissected, as it were, in the face of her victim, the character and habits of another, and animadverted upon them according to her own ideas of right and wrong—which, by the by, were rather singular—the only answers she would return to the indignant retort she provoked, was a cool—“*I* meant nothing: if the cap fits, pray put it on.”

In this way she was feared and disliked by all, and a most unwelcome visitor in any house she thought fit—and she was never ceremonious—to enter. Not far from her own residence lived a young married couple of the name of Shaw; the man was a native of the place, but his wife was a distant connec-

tion of his family living in the neighbouring county. She was a well-behaved, modest young woman, extremely neat, both in her person and her dwelling, and in no way ambitious of making an appearance above her means. She had a particular dread of Mrs. Gibson; the very shadow of her as she passed her window gave her an uncomfortable sensation. Mrs. Gibson knew she was no favourite, but her visits were not the less frequent either to her or any one else on that account; if she had been scrupulous on that score, poor woman, she would have seen the inside of very few houses besides her own.

One day Mrs. Gibson set out on a stroll. Wherever she obtruded herself she scattered the baneful effects of her malignant spirit, and left uneasiness be-

hind her. "If ever that woman attempts to come again into my house," exclaimed the last person whom she had attacked as usual, "I will shut the door in her face. If I am doing wrong, let me be told of it openly and kindly, and I will never quarrel with an elder either for the advice or the reproof she may give me; but to come like Mrs. Gibson, pulling one to pieces, talking at one, striving to hurt one's feelings every way, while she pretends to be speaking of somebody a hundred miles off, is more than I can bear. And then the look she puts on when she has provoked one to speak! only let a person once see it, and, be she who she may, she will never forget it." And the woman who thus spoke was a kind-hearted creature, who would have found a nook in her cottage, full

as it was, for any one who had needed it, and who never refused the counsel of a friend. O that such pests of society like Mrs. Gibson would recollect, that if to follow a multitude to do wrong be evil, to cause another to speak "unadvisedly with his lips" is a sin of no small dye.

Gratified, however, at the angry emotions she saw she had raised, she was about to take the turn to her own house, when, recollecting she had seen some one go into Mrs. Shaw's, whom she did not recognise immediately, she altered her mind, and, to the vexation of Lizzy, as her husband called her, Mrs. Gibson stood in the doorway of her little apartment before she was aware. She almost started when she perceived her, and whether the words she muttered were an invitation to stay, or an excuse for

wishing her to depart, neither herself nor any other person probably could have told. Both, however, were equally immaterial to Mrs. Gibson. "O! never mind me," exclaimed she, seating herself and casting a sharp glance at the stranger, whose face was so far turned from her that she could not accurately discern her features. "I can't stay long, I'm not like some people who can find time to spend half the day in another's house."

Conversation would have lagged had it depended for its liveliness on either Mrs. Shaw or her visitor; for the manner of the former was very constrained, and her attention was anxiously directed to the latter, who, in her turn, accepted of her civilities almost in silence. The appearance of this person very much

puzzled Mrs. Gibson; her dress was far more expensive than an acquaintance of Mrs. Shaw's ought to have worn, and yet it was so plain and simple, that she could not suspect the wearer to be "any one very much out of the way." She was provoked too that the stranger took no notice of herself; and she could not but perceive that her presence was considered as an intrusion. With a spirit becoming her, she therefore determined, be the visitor who she might, "to sit her out;" but first, she resolved she would "have a slap" at both. For this purpose she began as usual by taking a circuit round their mutual acquaintance, gradually narrowing her path till she touched the limits she desired.

"I have been to our neighbour Pasgrove's this morning," said she, "but I

did not find her up as I expected. Ay, bed's a nice place when one's really ill, and not wanted elsewhere; but how people can lie there who have families to attend to, and have no better excuse for the indulgence than a headache, or some such thing, I can't think."

"Did you tell her so?" said Lizzy, with that want of tact which is often caused by uneasy feelings, and a desire to be rid of a present annoyance.

"Tell her so!" repeated Mrs. Gibson, "not I; that's not my way: but I gave her to understand what I meant; and she must be dull indeed if she did not take me." There was a short pause. Mrs. Gibson resumed. "As I was coming to you I met Tim Hawkins; he was, as usual, full of complaints of bad times, and bad crops, and the rest of it; but

I was not going to waste my time with him. 'Neighbour Hawkins,' said I, 'times are not what they used to be when my husband and I were in business; nor are people either; they who put their fingers into every silly flame that's kindled, must expect to burn them.' As he was turning on his heel, for he took it, who should come up but Sally Pierce! 'So you are going to a new situation on Monday,' said I; 'I wish you luck; you have had a good many places lately.' 'But I think I have quite got my health again,' said she. 'All the better,' said I, 'for really girls have such fancies now-a-days, that if they have a little more work than suits them, their thumb aches, and home they go.' "

"O Sally has been very ill," said

Lizzy; "poor thing, it grieved me to see her look so pale and thin."

"Let them pity her that like work no better than she does," replied Mrs. Gibson; "for my part I don't pity her, nor any of her sort. I always found stirring about the best cure for my ailments; and so might others if they had the spirit to try it; but no, idleness, pride, and extravagance, they are to be found everywhere. If you go into a house, it may be of a young couple, what do you see? enough to disgust any one who knows what's what. They must have things, to be sure, that their betters hardly knew the use of a few years ago; a blind to their window, of course;—what have people like them to hide from their neighbours?"—and a sneer that poor Lizzy felt in every nerve accom-

panied her words;—"and a mahogany table, instead of a deal one, and a bit of carpet to put their feet upon, a smart set of tea-things; and blue ware instead of good old-fashioned white plates; and they must treat with new bread and biscuits if a person drops in, and no doubt with wine too, or were would be the use of wine-glasses? and then—O! they can't live on what they have—how should they? Let them say what they will, it is pride, pride, and nothing but pride, that is at the bottom of it all. Don't you think it is, Mrs. Shaw?"

'She' now fixed her keen eye, which had wandered from one article to another as she spoke, full on the face of Lizzy, who, colouring deeply, said—

"It was a pity if such were the case."

"A pity, indeed!" retorted Mrs. Gib-

son; "a shame, you mean; but some folks never put a cap on, let it fit never so well: and some are just the contrary, they will be trying on every one, whether made for them or not." She glanced at the stranger, who, without once replying to any thing she said, had continued quietly to partake of the simple refreshment which Lizzy had placed before her, and which from time to time she presented to her. "And dress! it is quite wonderful to see what a pitch it is come to; there's no telling now-a-days who's who; every body looks alike—it's all pride; and then they must needs go into a neighbour's house, and eat for luncheon, perhaps, what the others were to have had for their dinner."

This time she succeeded in drawing the desired remark. The stranger turned

towards her; "I suppose," said she, "you are now alluding to me?"

"O I never use names," replied Mrs. Gibson; "when the cap fits, I'm not one to prevent it being worn: all I have to say is this, it is wonderful how people can find time to gossip in other person's houses, or how other people can entertain them there."

Poor Mrs. Shaw looked the very picture of distress. She made a motion to Mrs. Gibson to be quiet, which she would not see; and she cast a beseeching glance towards her visitor, who, returning an encouraging smile to her, with marked severity thus addressed Mrs. Gibson:—

"I quite agree with you," said she, "that it is really wonderful how time can be found for the purposes you men-

tion. There are, however, many idle, many impertinent and curious persons in the world, but there is a character occasionally to be met with, which is not less obnoxious to society than disgraceful to our sex: one who, under a hypocritical regard for what is right, covers a malignant intention, and takes pleasure in the infliction of wounds for which nothing but malice could find a pretence; one against whom every door would be most justly closed, since it is entered only to spread the poison of an envenomed tongue; and upon whom the brand of 'avoidance' may, without any breach of charity, be affixed."

Mrs. Gibson stared at the speaker with unfeigned astonishment.

"'If the cap fits,' to use your own phrase, as fit it must, I beg you to put

it on, and to wear it till you have learned a lesson which you may find advantageous to you. My late maid, Mrs. Shaw, is a worthy, exemplary young woman, who happily knows how to combine propriety with economy, and who, in the humility of her heart, seeks for nothing which her former prudence and industry, and a regard to her present position in life, does not sufficiently justify. Your husband was, if I mistake not, long a tenant, as your son at present is, of my brother: you now know who I am; and I trust you will learn in future not only to spare your neighbours, but to be cautious how you attack a stranger, even for your own sake."





The Good Mother.

THE royal Psalmist, and sweet singer of Israel, had the high honour of being styled "the man after God's own heart;" a still higher was bestowed on faithful Abraham, who alone is called in the

holy volume "the friend of God." Not to enter into every enumeration of the virtues which gained him this eminence, it may be sufficient at present to point to that peculiar testimony of his integrity furnished by God Himself, as shown in the management and instruction of his family. "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Happy would it be for all parents if they would follow the example of the illustrious patriarch, and while boasting themselves of that "gift and heritage that cometh of the Lord," would so train their offspring in those paths of obedience as really to render them a blessing and a comfort.

"No, I will not leave you all night,

if you will let me stay," cried Mrs. Benson; "at least I will stay some hours longer. Baby is comfortably asleep now; but she may have another fit, and then you would be glad of my assistance."

"You are very kind," replied Mrs. Lee, the mother of the sick child. "Your being with me is a great comfort; though I am sorry to keep you from your family. I hope, however, there is no danger now of another fit."

"There's no saying," returned the other; "she may, or she may not, have another. They can do very well without me at home *if they like*, and I should not be easy if I knew you were alone."

At this moment a little girl appeared at the door of the chamber in which the two females were sitting, and which adjoined the apartment generally inhabited

by the family. She stood there without venturing to enter—her mother motioned her to advance.

“Is Peggy better, mother?” said she anxiously, and in a very low tone.

“I hope so,” replied Mrs. Lee; “you may take a peep at her if you like; but be very still, for fear you should wake her.”

Jane did as she was directed, she gazed on the wan features of the child till the “blending tears” obscured her sight. She made a sign to her mother for leave to kiss her; but comprehending denial by the movement of her head, she stole softly on tiptoe from the bed. “How pale she looks!” said Jane, mournfully, when she was near enough to speak to her mother; “do you think she will get well?”

Before Mrs. Lee could answer she observed two other little heads thrust in at the door. She raised her finger in token of disapprobation, and they instantly disappeared.

"I hope all danger is over now," said she to Jane; "you may tell your brother and sisters so; but keep them very still: and mind that you have every thing ready for your father's supper: send Ann to me when you see him coming; or if any of you meet him before I do, let not a word drop about Peggy being ill.

Jane listened attentively to her mother's instructions, and then glided out of the chamber, closing the door as softly as she had opened it.

"Well, I cannot think how you manage your children," exclaimed Mrs. Ben-

son, looking after Jane with surprise; "say what you will to them, they give heed to you, and do whatever you bid them without another word; I'm sure mine do not, and will not do as I order them, in spite of all I can say. It's not for the want of telling them what I wish, I'm sure; for there is not a moment of the day that I am not speaking to one or other of them. You must have an art of your own; or else your children are naturally better than other people's. But hark! sure that's my girl, Mary, speaking so loud: what can she want?"

She had risen with an intention of leaving the room to speak to her daughter, when Jane opened the door and with a quick but light step approached the fire-place.

"Mary is come to say," said she,

"that her father is going to Kingstown, and wishes to know if he can bring any thing for you, mother, or call at the doctor's; only you must be very quick, for he has not a moment to spare."

The offer was very acceptable to Mrs. Lee; and, that no mistake might be made, Mrs. Benson herself took the message to her daughter; and then, bidding her go home as fast as she could, she returned to the sick-room. Having taken a look at the child, and satisfied herself that all was going on well, she was about to seat herself in her chair opposite Mrs. Lee, when she caught the sound again of Mary's voice.

"There now," exclaimed she, "there now: was there ever any thing like her? that tiresome girl is not gone; no, and won't, I'll be bound to say, for the next

quarter of an hour: that's just her way; she never minds what I say to her; and her father will be so angry to be kept!"

This was partly said as she walked across the chamber, full of anger, to enforce her commands on Mary; seizing the girl by the shoulder she gave her a push out of the door, threatening her at the same time that she would teach her how to dare to disobey her. She stood for a few minutes to watch her, and then went back to Mrs. Lee.

"There!" said she, "you now see the difference between your girl and mine; she tires me to death with her obstinacy. I can't think how it is; fair words and foul have just the same effect on her."

"Hark!" cried Mrs. Lee, springing from her chair, her quick ear having caught the movement of her child.

"Drink, drink," said the little sufferer.

Drink was instantly given her, and the fond and anxious mother having assured herself that there was no new cause for apprehension, smoothed the pillow that was in no way discomposed, pressed a light kiss on her brow, and stood by her side a few minutes to watch the result of her charge to "lie still, and go to sleep again;" and then, obeying the commands of the doctor not to stand over her, she left her to repose quietly, and returned to her seat.

A short time after this two little girls stepped softly into the room to bid their mother good night, and take the promised look at dear little Peggy.

"You can't ask us any questions to-night, can you, mother?" said Sarah, the younger of the two.

"Yes I can," replied Mrs. Lee; "but I must begin with Martha. She turned to the other girl—"Speak low. What account can you give of to day?"

"I hope I have done all you bid me," replied Martha, looking modestly into her face.

"And kept your temper all day?—think,—don't be too hasty to answer," said her mother.

"Yes, that she has," cried Sarah, warmly, seeing her sister pause; "she has been so kind to us all, she has not spoken one sharp word!"

The mother's smile showed her pleasure. "Has your mistress been satisfied with you at school?"

"Yes," replied Martha; "she said I had been a very good girl."

"And have you done any thing that

you now wish you had not done?" asked her mother.

Martha reflected an instant. "No," replied she; "but I think I might have helped Jane more than I did if I had played less with Tom; Jane did not say so, though."

"And you, Sarah," said Mrs. Lee; "what kind of a day has this been with you?"

"Mistress said I did not mind my work so much as I might have done in the morning," replied she, looking down; "but she was pleased with me in the afternoon, and said I had made up for it."

"And have you had any dispute with your brothers and sisters?"

"No," returned Sarah, "not one. I had begun to contradict John, and was getting very angry, when we heard poor

baby cry, and then we cried too, and forgot all about what we were talking of."

"And have you done any good to-day, or been useful?" said Mrs. Lee.

Sarah's countenance grew brighter. "I think so," replied she. "I was half-way down the lane in our way to school, when I saw Mrs. Longman coming in the pony chaise to the gate, and I ran as fast back as I could to open it."

"And why did you do so?"

"Because you have taught us to give any assistance we can to another," replied Sarah; "and you tell us, if it be ever so little, it is our duty to do all we are able, and it is pleasing to God."

"Had you no other motive?" demanded her mother; "be quite sure; did you think of nothing else than of my words and your own duty?"

Sarah coloured. "I thought how kind Mrs. Longman had been two days ago when she gave me sixpence for opening the gate."

"Then what made you run so fast to open it to-day," said Mrs. Lee; "the wish to oblige, to do what you thought right, and to show your gratitude; or a hope to get something more from her?"

Sarah's colour heightened still more, and she cast a glance at her sister.

"Nay, tell me yourself," said her mother, "which was it?"

"I can't say," replied Sarah, "that I thought about the sixpence; I ran to open the gate as soon as I saw her coming, but—but I was surprised—O! mother, I must have thought of the sixpence for when she only nodded to me as she drove through, I felt almost an-

gry with her; but I was very sorry afterwards, and I said I wished she would let me open the gate for her without giving me any thing again for it."

"I wish so too," replied Mrs. Lee, "and I should be very glad if every lady and gentleman would make it a rule not to give halfpence on such occasions. I know they do not like to receive a service without rewarding the person who does it; but this is not the first time that I have found children claiming merit for this and other little civilities they have shown, when in reality their principal motive has been to serve themselves. It is a great point to make children do good for its own sake alone; and a kind smile, or a pretty word, might have a much better effect by way of reward or encourage-

ment than money ever can, for it must needs feed the selfishness which is but too common in all hearts."

Much of this conversation passed, of course, in an under tone, between the mother and her children, but the last sentence was addressed to Mrs. Benson, who, to do her justice, had laid down her ears, as she afterwards said, to catch all that was passing, and who had already felt great difficulty in refraining from making sundry observations on what she had heard. A reply was on her lips; but before she could speak Mrs. Lee said something to the children, which escaped her; and then both fell at her feet, and repeated their evening prayer. To the relief of Mrs. Benson's impatience, however, they soon arose from their position, kissed their mother,

and wishing her good-night, retired as noiselessly as they had entered.

Before they had reached the door—"Good dear," cried she; "what a way you have with these children! If I were to attempt to do so with mine, they would think me as much crazed as I should think myself. I'm sure if they answered me at all they would not tell me the truth; and it's not so clear to me that you get at it always."

"I am never far from it," replied Mrs. Lee. "Children may be trained to any thing; and nine times out of ten it is undue severity or want of judgment on our part that makes them guilty of falsehood."

"Aye, no doubt," said Mrs. Benson; "children, as you say, may be trained to any thing, if their parents know how to

set about it: but there's an art in all things; and I, I am sure, am not one to find it out."

"Perhaps I have given you a hint towards discovering it," said Mrs. Lee, smiling.

"I doubt it," replied Mrs. Benson; "though I don't mean to say that the plan in your hands is not a good one. My children have got too much ahead for any such thing. But don't you think it is more than you have a right to expect from any child, that she should tell you what you could have known nothing about any other way, and for which she may meet with the punishment which she would probably have escaped?"

"I never punish my children," returned Mrs. Lee, "for what I learn in this way. I look on their confidence as sa-

cred; and I only admonish and caution them, point out to them what led them astray, and endeavour to show them how to avoid like errors for the future. It is only the faults that I detect myself that I punish, and those very carefully."

"But do you let one sister speak to you of another?" said Mrs. Benson. "My girls never want encouragement in that respect. I do all I can to prevent them from running to me with tales; but I might spare myself the trouble—they are always coming, first one and then the other, to repeat some grievance."

"Mine never tell tales," said Mrs. Lee; "but I endeavour to make them a help, a guide, and a check upon each other. I try to render them as just as affectionate; and I teach them above all, that, travelling as they really are on the same

road, and with the same hopes, the same fears, equally interested in pleasing God, and securing his favour,—the truest affection is that which shows itself in promoting the welfare of those dearest to them, both in time and eternity; and in kindness and gentleness, assisting each other to conquer the infirmities to which each is subject, and which, if they had not the courage to aid me to correct them, they could not but perceive.”

“Well, certainly,” returned Mrs. Benson, “the proof is every thing; and I must own that I never come into your house without admiring all I see, or go out of it without envying you. Your children are so quiet, so good-humoured one with another, so civil to every body, and so attentive to all you say to them; for I declare the word is no sooner out

of your lips than it is obeyed,—that I never saw the like. I could cry with vexation when I compare your girls with mine; but I comfort myself with this; there must be something for every one; and your poor baby there is not well yet—” a slight convulsive movement of the features of the child having caught her attention at the moment. This proved however to be of no consequence; the two females continued their watch through the night; and in the morning the anxious mother was made happy by the doctor’s assurance that there was no longer any thing to fear on the child’s account.

In the course of a few days Mrs. Lee took little Peggy, now smiling, in her arms, and went to thank her kind and warm-hearted neighbour. Mrs. Benson

expressed great delight at seeing them both, and insisted on Mrs. Lee's coming in and resting herself. Mrs. Benson had, like herself, a large family, many of whom were in the cottage at the time; these instantly surrounded the baby."

"Don't go so close to her," cried their mother. "You won't let the poor little thing have a breath of air—do you hear what I say?" and she jerked one aside and then another, the gap being immediately filled up by the third. "Set a chair for Mrs. Lee, Jane;" but Jane either did not or would not hear her, and Mrs. Lee placed one for herself. Mrs. Benson seated herself by her side, taking the baby into her lap, kissing it every time she expressed her joy at seeing it look so well.

"Well, I really thought," she began,

"she never could have recovered—she was so very bad. Tom, don't make such a noise, I can't hear myself speak." Neither was Tom apparently more fortunate, for he was not a whit less noisy; upon which Mary, whose ears had been quicker than his, and who was the eldest of the family, took upon herself to enforce obedience, and a scuffle ensued which ended in Tom's darting out of the cottage and raising a shout of defiance when he was at a safe distance from the door.

"That first fit," resumed Mrs. Benson, "was a terrible one. I never expected to see her come out of it: but it is wonderful what children will go through. Nancy, off to school directly, I say. Didn't I tell you ten minutes ago that you would be too late if you did not

set out directly? And you, Sally, what are you doing? Biting your nails again! How many times am I to tell you of that trick!" The little girl stood near her for the sake of the baby, which enabled her mother to snatch her fingers out of her mouth, and give her a slap on the hands. "Dr. Summers is a very clever man, and understands children better than any one for miles round. Sit up, Betsy: hold your work to your head, and not your head to your work. And then he is so kind! I am sure I shall never forget how good he was to me in my long illness, when I was laid up with—" A long detail was about to follow, but Ann letting fall a mug which she had been more than once motioned to set on the table, and which she had been making a plaything of,

diverted the history, and changed the conversation to another topic. The same interruptions, however, again occurred. Mrs. Benson continued to talk and to give orders in the same breath; no one in the mean time obeying her, or seeming to hold her commands in any thing but contempt.

"What am I to do with such children?" cried she at length, to Mrs. Lee. "Did you ever see any thing like them?"

"Do you really ask my advice?" said Mrs. Lee.

"Indeed I do; I shall be thankful to you if you can put me in a way to manage them," replied Mrs. Benson; and she spoke in a tone which admitted of no doubt of her sincerity.

"Then I will willingly give you the best advice I am able," returned Mrs.

Lee; "and for that purpose I cannot do better than lay down for you a few rules which I myself received from my late good mistress. Give no orders that you do not mean should be executed; make your children obey you at a word; find no fault but when there is real occasion to do so; and then quietly, but firmly, insist on its amendment. There is nothing worse than continually vexing a young spirit with 'Don't do this,' and 'You must not do that;' and at the same time encouraging self-will by allowing the order to be obeyed or not as it may suit the inclination of the child. Never make a threat which you do not mean to execute, nor promise what you have no intention of performing. Be not on the look out for errors, and omissions; but when they are made known

to you, correct the one without delay, and cause the other to be rectified without demur and without excuse. Be firm when you deny; mix not reproaches with indulgence; never give a command that is not worth being punctually obeyed, nor allow one of importance to be questioned, deferred, or overlooked. Establish your authority over your children by showing that you respect yourself, and be more ready to forgive an actual offence than the contempt of your orders. Children will always strive for the mastery; but ground and root them in obedience—obedience to yourself and their God—and you will make your own task an easy and a pleasant one, and you will render the course of those who look by nature to you for guidance, safe and honourable, useful and happy."

